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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Anne of Geierstein.

[Second notice.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT has again broken up untrodden ground, and again a rich harvest rewards the master's toil; and whether it be that he feels peculiarly at home in a land of "mountain wild and rushing flood," this tale of Switzerland is one of his very successful efforts. The period is admirably calculated for historical painting.

"The events are fixed, by historical date, to the middle of the fifteenth century,—that important period, when chivalry still shone with a setting ray, soon about to be totally obscured; in some countries, by the establishment of free institutions; in others, by that of arbitrary power, which alike rendered useless the interference of those redressers of wrongs, whose only warrant of authority was the sword. Amid the general light which had recently shone upon Europe,—France, Burgundy, and Italy, but more especially Austria, had been made acquainted with the character of a people, of whose very existence they had before been scarcely conscious. It is true, that the inhabitants of those countries which lie in the vicinity of the Alps, that immense barrier, were not ignorant, that notwithstanding their rugged and desolate appearance, the secluded valleys which wended among those gigantic mountains nourished a race of hunters and shepherds; men who, living in a state of primeval simplicity, compelled from the soil a subsistence gained by severe labour, followed the chase over the most savage precipices and through the darkest pine-forests, or drove their cattle to spots which afforded them a scanty pasturage, even in the vicinity of eternal snows. But the existence of such a people, or rather of a number of small communities who followed nearly the same poor and hardy course of life, had seemed to the rich and powerful princes in the neighbourhood a matter of as little consequence, as it is to the stately herds which repose in a fertile meadow, that a few half-starved goats find their scanty food among the rocks which overlook their rich domain. But wonder and attention began to be attracted towards these mountaineers about the middle of the fourteenth century, when reports were spread abroad of severe contests, in which the German chivalry, endeavouring to suppress insurrections among their Alpine vassals, had sustained repeated and bloody defeats, although having on their side numbers and discipline, and the advantage of the most perfect military equipment. Great was the wonder that cavalry, which made the only efficient part of the feudal armies, should be routed by men on foot; that warriors sheathed in complete steel should be overpowered by men who wore no defensive armour, and were irregularly provided with pikes, halberds, and clubs, for the purpose of attack: above all, it seemed a species of miracle, that knights and nobles should be defeated by peasants and

shepherds. But the repeated victories of the Swiss at Laupen, Sempach, and on other less distinguished occasions, plainly intimated that a new principle of civil organisation, as well as of military movements, had arisen amid the stormy regions of Helvetia. Still, although the decisive victories which obtained liberty for the Swiss cantons, as well as the spirit of resolution and wisdom with which the members of the little confederation had maintained themselves against the utmost exertions of Austria, had spread their fame abroad through all the neighbouring countries; and although they themselves were conscious of the power which repeated victories had acquired, yet down to the middle of the fifteenth century, and at a later date, they retained in a great measure the wisdom, moderation, and simplicity of their ancient manners; so much so, that those who were intrusted with the command of the troops of the Republic in battle were wont to resume the shepherd's staff when they laid down the truncheon, and, like the Roman dictators, to retire to complete equality with their fellow-citizens, from the eminence to which their talents, and the call of their country, had raised them."

The story opens with the appearance of two travellers, father and son, who, with their guide, are bewildered in the mountains by a sudden storm. To extricate themselves from a situation of such danger and difficulty, the younger attempts to scale a broken path on the side of the precipice; and the following is among our author's most vivid scenes.

"Thus estimating the extent of his danger by the measure of sound sense and reality, and supported by some degree of practice in such exercise, the brave youth went forward on his awful journey, step by step, winning his way with a caution, and fortitude, and presence of mind, which alone could have saved him from instant destruction. At length he gained a point where a projecting rock formed the angle of the precipice, so far as it had been visible to him from the platform. This, therefore, was the critical point of his undertaking; but it was also the most perilous part of it. The rock projected more than six feet forward over the torrent, which he heard raging at the depth of a hundred yards beneath, with a noise like subterranean thunder. He examined the spot with the utmost care, and was led by the existence of shrubs, grass, and even stunted trees, to believe that this rock marked the farthest extent of the slip or slide of earth, and that, could he but round the angle of which it was the termination, he might hope to attain the continuation of the path which had been so strangely interrupted by this convulsion of nature. But the crag jutted out so much as to afford no possibility of passing either under or around it; and as it rose several feet above the position which Arthur had attained, it was no easy matter to climb over it. This was, however, the course which he chose, as the only mode of surmounting what he hoped might prove the last obstacle to his voyage of

discovery. A projecting tree afforded him the means of raising and swinging himself up to the top of the crag. But he had scarcely planted himself on it, had scarcely a moment to congratulate himself, on seeing, amid a wild chaos of cliffs and woods, the gloomy ruins of Geierstein, with smoke arising, and indicating something like a human habitation beside them, when, to his extreme terror, he felt the huge cliff on which he stood tremble, stoop slowly forward, and gradually sink from its position. Projecting as it was, and shaken as its equilibrium had been by the recent earthquake, it lay now so insecurely poised, that its balance was entirely destroyed, even by the addition of the young man's weight. Aroused by the imminence of the danger, Arthur, by an instinctive attempt at self-preservation, drew cautiously back from the falling crag into the tree by which he had ascended, and turned his head back as if spell-bound, to watch the descent of the fatal rock from which he had just retreated. It tottered for two or three seconds, as if uncertain which way to fall; and had it taken a sidelong direction, must have dashed the adventurer from his place of refuge, or borne both the tree and him headlong down into the river. After a moment of horrible uncertainty, the power of gravitation determined a direct and forward descent. Down went the huge fragment, which must have weighed at least twenty ton, rending and splintering in its precipitate course the trees and bushes which it encountered, and settling at length in the channel of the torrent, with a din equal to the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery. The sound was re-echoed from bank to bank, from precipice to precipice, with emulative thunders; nor was the tumult silent till it rose into the region of eternal snows, which, equally insensible to terrestrial sounds, and unfavourable to animal life, heard the roar in their majestic solitude, but suffered it to die away without a responsive voice."

"The solid rock had trembled and rent beneath his footsteps; and although, by an effort rather mechanical than voluntary, he had withdrawn himself from the instant ruin attending its descent, he felt as if the better part of him, his firmness of mind and strength of body, had been rent away with the descending rock, as it fell thundering, with clouds of dust and smoke, into the torrents and whirlpools of the vexed gulf beneath. In fact, the seaman swept from the deck of a wrecked vessel, drenched in the waves, and battered against the rocks on the shore, does not differ more from the same mariner, when, at the commencement of the gale, he stood upon the deck of his favourite ship, proud of her strength and his own dexterity, than Arthur, when commencing his journey, from the same Arthur, while clinging to the decayed trunk of an old tree, from which, suspended between heaven and earth, he saw the fall of the crag which he had so nearly accompanied. The effects of his terror, indeed, were physical as well as moral, for a thousand colours played before his eyes;

he was attacked by a sick dizziness, and deprived at once of the obedience of those limbs which had hitherto served him so admirably; his arms and hands, as if no longer at his own command, now clung to the branches of the tree, with a cramp-like tenacity, over which he seemed to possess no power, and now trembled in a state of such complete nervous relaxation, as led him to fear that they were becoming unable to support him longer in his position. An incident, in itself trifling, added to the distress occasioned by this alienation of his powers. All living things in the neighbourhood had, as might be supposed, been startled by the tremendous fall to which his progress had given occasion. Flights of owls, bats, and other birds of darkness, compelled to betake themselves to the air, had lost no time in returning into their bowers of ivy, or the harbour afforded them by the rifts and holes of the neighbouring rocks. One of this ill-omened flight chanced to be a *lammergeier*, or Alpine vulture, a bird larger and more voracious than the eagle himself, and which Arthur had not been accustomed to see, or at least to look upon closely. With the instinct of most birds of prey, it is the custom of this creature, when gorged with food, to assume some station of inaccessible security, and there remain stationary and motionless for days together, till the work of digestion has been accomplished, and activity returns with the pressure of appetite. Disturbed from such a state of repose, one of these terrific birds had risen from the ravine to which the species gives its name, and having circled unwillingly round, with a ghastly scream and a flagging wing, it had sunk down upon the pinnacle of a crag, not four yards from the tree in which Arthur held his precarious station. Although still in some degree stupefied by torpor, it seemed encouraged by the motionless state of the young man to suppose him dead, or dying, and sat there and gazed at him, without displaying any of that apprehension which the fiercest animals usually entertain from the vicinity of man. As Arthur, endeavouring to shake off the incapacitating effects of his panic fear, raised his eyes to look gradually and cautiously around, he encountered those of the voracious and obscene bird, whose head and neck denuded of feathers, her eyes surrounded by an iris of an orange tawny colour, and a position more horizontal than erect, distinguished her as much from the noble carriage and graceful proportion of the eagle, as those of the lion place him in the ranks of creation above the gaunt, ravenous, grisly, yet dastard wolf. As if arrested by a charm, the eyes of young Philipson remained bent on this ill-omened and ill-favoured bird, without his having the power to remove them. The apprehension of dangers, ideal as well as real, weighed upon his weakened mind, disabled as it was by the circumstances of his situation. The near approach of a creature not more loathsome to the human race, than averse to come within their reach, seemed as ominous as it was unusual. Why did it gaze on him with such glaring earnestness, projecting its disgusting form, as if presently to alight upon his person? The foul bird, was she the demon of the place to which her name referred? and did she come to exult, that an intruder on her haunts seemed involved amid their perils, with little hope or chance of deliverance? Or was it a native culture of the rocks, whose sagacity foresaw that the rash traveller was soon destined to become its victim? Could the creature, whose senses are said to be so acute, argue from circumstances the stranger's approaching death, and wait, like a raven or

hooded crow by a dying sheep, for the earliest opportunity to commence her ravenous banquet? Was he doomed to feel its beak and talons before his heart's blood should cease to beat? Had he already lost the dignity of humanity, the awe which the being formed in the image of his Maker inspires into all inferior creatures? Apprehensions so painful served more than all that reason could suggest, to renew, in some degree, the elasticity of the young man's mind. By waving his handkerchief,—using, however, the greatest precaution in his movements,—he succeeded in scaring the vulture from his vicinity. It rose from its resting-place, screaming harshly and dolefully, and sailed on its expanded pinions to seek a place of more undisturbed repose, while the adventurous traveller felt a sensible pleasure at being relieved of its disgusting presence."

"But, as he looked around him, he became more and more sensible how much he was enervated by the bodily injuries and the mental agony which he had sustained during his late peril. He could not, by any effort of which he was capable, fix his giddy and bewildered eyes on the scene around him;—they seemed to reel till the landscape danced along with them, and a motley chaos of thickets and tall cliffs, which interposed between him and the ruinous Castle of Geierstein, mixed and whirled round in such confusion, that nothing, save the consciousness that such an idea was the suggestion of partial insanity, prevented him from throwing himself from the tree, as if to join the wild dance to which his disturbed brain had given motion. 'Heaven be my protection!' said the unfortunate young man, closing his eyes,—in hopes, by abstracting himself from the terrors of his situation, to compose his too active imagination, 'my senses are abandoning me!' He became still more convinced that this was the case, when a female voice, in a high-pitched but eminently musical accent, was heard at no great distance, as if calling to him. He opened his eyes once more, raised his head, and looked towards the place from whence the sounds seemed to come, though far from being certain that they existed saving in his own disordered imagination. The vision which appeared had almost confirmed him in the opinion that his mind was unsettled, and his senses in no state to serve him accurately. Upon the very summit of a pyramidal rock that rose out of the depth of the valley, was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist, that only the outline could be traced. The form, reflected against the sky, appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than of a mortal maiden; for her person seemed as light, and scarcely more opaque, than the thin cloud that surrounded her pedestal. Arthur's first belief was, that the Virgin had heard his vows, and had descended in person to his rescue; and he was about to recite his Ave Maria, when the voice again called to him with the singular shrill modulation of the mountain halloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain ridge to another, across ravines of great depth and width. While he debated how to address this unexpected apparition, it disappeared from the point which it at first occupied, and presently after became again visible, perched on the cliff out of which projected the tree in which Arthur had taken refuge. Her personal appearance, as well as her dress, made it then apparent that she was a maiden of these mountains, familiar with their dangerous paths. He saw that a beautiful young woman stood before him, who

regarded him with a mixture of pity and wonder. 'Stranger,' she at length said, 'who are you, and whence come you?' 'I am a stranger, maiden, as you justly term me,' answered the young man, raising himself as well as he could. 'I left Lucerne this morning, with my father and a guide. I parted with them not three furlongs from hence. May it please you, gentle maiden, to warn them of my safety, for I know my father will be in despair upon my account?' 'Willingly,' said the maiden; 'but I think my uncle, or some one of my kinsmen, must have already found them, and will prove faithful guides. Can I not aid you?—are you wounded—are you hurt? We were alarmed by the fall of a rock—ay, and yonder it lies, a mass of no ordinary size.' As the Swiss maiden spoke thus, she approached so close to the verge of the precipice, and looked with such indifference into the gulf, that the sympathy which connects the actor and spectator upon such occasions brought back the sickness and vertigo from which Arthur had just recovered, and he sunk back into his former more recumbent posture, with something like a faint groan. 'You are then ill?' said the maiden, who observed him turn pale; 'where and what is the harm you have received?' 'None, gentle maiden, saving some bruises of little import; but my head turns, and my heart grows sick, when I see you so near the verge of the cliff.' 'Is that all?' replied the Swiss maiden. 'Know, stranger, that I do not stand on my uncle's hearth with more security than I have stood upon precipices, compared to which this is a child's leap. You, too, stranger, if, as I judge from the traces, you have come along the edge of the precipice which the earth-slide hath laid bare, ought to be far beyond such weakness, since surely you must be well entitled to call yourself a cragsman.' 'I might have called myself so half an hour since,' answered Arthur; 'but I think I shall hardly venture to assume the name in future.' 'Be not downcast,' said his kind adviser, 'for a passing qualm, which will at times cloud the spirit and dazzle the eyesight of the bravest and most experienced. Raise yourself upon the trunk of the tree, and advance closer to the rock out of which it grows. Observe the place well. It is easy for you, when you have attained the lower part of the projecting stem, to gain, by one bold step, the solid rock upon which I stand, after which there is no danger or difficulty worthy of mention to a young man whose limbs are whole, and whose courage is active.' 'My limbs are indeed sound,' replied the youth; 'but I am ashamed to think how much my courage is broken. Yet I will not disgrace the interest you have taken in an unhappy wanderer, by listening longer to the dastardly suggestions of a feeling which till to-day has been a stranger to my bosom.' The maiden looked on him anxiously, and with much interest, as, raising himself cautiously, and moving along the trunk of the tree, which lay nearly horizontal from the rock, and seemed to bend as he changed his posture, the youth at length stood upright, within what, on level ground, had been but an extended stride to the cliff on which the Swiss maiden stood. But instead of being a step to be taken on the level and firm ground, it was one which must cross a dark abyss, at the bottom of which a torrent surged and boiled with incredible fury. Arthur's knees knocked against each other, his feet became of lead, and seemed no longer at his command; and he experienced, in a stronger degree than ever, that unnerving influence which those who have been overwhelmed by it

in a situation of like peril never can forget, and which others, happily strangers to its power, may have difficulty even in comprehending. The young woman discerned his emotion, and foresaw its probable consequences. As the only mode in her power to restore his confidence, she sprang lightly from the rock to the stem of the tree, on which she alighted with the ease and security of a bird, and in the same instant back to the cliff; and extending her hand to the stranger, 'My arm,' she said, 'is but a slight balustrade; yet do but step forward with resolution, and you will find it as secure as the battlement of Berne.' But shame now overcame terror so much, that Arthur, declining assistance which he could not have accepted without feeling lowered in his own eyes, took heart of grace, and successfully achieved the formidable step which placed him upon the same cliff with his kind assistant."

Such a heroine as this must not pass undescribed:—

"An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person—a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton—nor so loose as to be an encumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different colour, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ankle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upwards, and the crossings and knots of the strings which secured it on the front of the leg were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of parti-coloured silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold; while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air—by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to shew that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and of the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it. Above these locks, beauty's natural and most beseeching ornament—or rather, I should say, amongst them—was placed the small bonnet, which, from its size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal. I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva, rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step; above all, the total absence of any thing resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had no

thing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity."

The character of Arnold Biederman is a sketch as excellent as it is original: the clear judgment, the severe simplicity, the kindness, the authority of the noble Swiss, are brought out so finely. His little history will illustrate this. After relating the exploits of his grandfather in the wars with Austria, at Sempach, &c., he goes on to say:

"My father, Count Williewald, followed the same course, both from inclination and policy. He united himself closely with the state of Unterwalden, became a citizen of the Confederacy, and distinguished himself so much, that he was chosen landamman of the Republic. He had two sons, myself and a younger brother, Albert; and possessed, as he felt himself, of a species of double character, he was desirous, perhaps unwisely (if I may censure the purpose of a deceased parent), that one of his sons should succeed him in his lordship of Geierstein, and the other support the less ostentatious, though not in my thought less honourable condition, of a free citizen of Unterwalden, possessing such influence among his equals in the canton as might be acquired by his father's merits and his own. When Albert was twelve years old, our father took us on a short excursion to Germany, where the form, pomp, and magnificence, which we witnessed, made a very different impression on the mind of my brother and on my own. What appeared to Albert the consummation of earthly splendour, seemed to me a weary display of tiresome and useless ceremonials. Our father explained his purpose, and offered to me, as his eldest son, the large estate belonging to Geierstein, reserving such a portion of the most fertile ground as might make my brother one of the wealthiest citizens in a district where competence is esteemed wealth. The tears gushed from Albert's eyes—'And must my brother,' he said, 'be a noble count, honoured and followed by vassals and attendants, and I a home-spun peasant among the gray-bearded shepherds of Unterwalden? No, my father, I respect your will, but I will not sacrifice my own rights. Geierstein is a fief held of the empire, and the laws entitle me to my equal half of the lands. If my brother be Count of Geierstein, I am not the less Count Albert of Geierstein; and I will appeal to the emperor, rather than that the arbitrary will of one ancestor, though he be my father, shall cancel in me the rank and rights which I have derived from a hundred.' My father was greatly incensed. 'Go,' he said, 'proud boy, give the enemy of thy country a pretext to interfere in her affairs—appeal to the will of a foreign prince from the pleasure of thy father. Go, but never again look me in the face, and dread my eternal malediction.' Albert was about to reply with vehemence, when I entreated him to be silent and hear me speak. I had, I said, all my life loved the mountain better than the plain; had been more pleased to walk than to ride; more proud to contend with shepherds in their sports than with nobles in the lists; and happier in the village dance than among the feasts of the German nobles. 'Let me, therefore,' said I, 'be a citizen of the republic of Unterwalden; you will relieve me of a thousand cares; and let my brother Albert wear the coronet and bear the honours of Geierstein.' After some farther discussion, my father was at length contented to adopt my proposal, in order to attain the object which he had so much at heart. Albert was declared heir of his castle and his rank, by the

title of Count Albert of Geierstein; and I was placed in possession of these fields and fertile meadows amidst which my house is situated, and my neighbours call me Arnold Biederman.' 'And if Biederman,' said the merchant, 'means, as I understand the word, a man of worth, candour, and generosity,—I know none on whom the epithet could be so justly conferred.'

Sir Walter Scott's are the very *beau ideal* of executioners; and a most Rembrandt-like portrait of one is introduced.

"A faint stream of light through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished, fell directly upon the person and visage of a tall swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evil-boding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had partly grizzled. He was busily employed in furbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have described as used by the Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise; and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone floor with a heavy clash. 'Ha! Scharfgerichter,' said the knight, as he entered the folterkammer, 'thou art preparing for thy duty?' 'It would ill become your excellency's servant,' answered the man, in a harsh, deep tone, 'to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge.' 'The prisoners are at hand, Francis,' replied the governor; 'but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice; and thy sword drinks only noble blood.' 'The worse for Francis Steinernherz,' replied the official in scarlet; 'I trusted that your excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble.' 'Noble!' said the governor; 'thou art mad—thou noble!' 'And wherefore not, Sir Archibald Hagenbach? I think the name of Francis Steinernherz von Blut-acker will suit nobility, being fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth with the same weapon, and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent?' 'So says the law,' said Sir Archibald; 'but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it.' 'The prouder boast for him,' said the functionary, 'that shall be the first to demand the honours due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinernherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have despatched one more knight of the empire.' 'Thou hast been ever in my service, hast thou not?' demanded De Hagenbach. 'Under what other master,' replied the executioner, 'could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on condemned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crow-bar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André and Trois Echelles, are

novices compared with me, in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field practice with bowstring and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honour and nobility.' 'Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it,' replied De Hagenbach. 'But it cannot be—I trust it cannot be—that when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled.' 'I will number the patients to your excellency by name and title,' said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on:—'There was Count William of Elvershoe—he was my assay-piece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian.' 'I remember—he courted my mistress,' said Sir Archibald. 'He died on St. Jude's, in the year of grace 1465,' said the executioner. 'Go on—but name no dates,' said the governor. 'Sir Miles of Stockenborg—' 'He drove off my cattle,' observed his excellency. 'Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt—' continued the executioner. 'He made love to my wife,' commented the governor. 'The three Jung-herrn of Lammerbourg—you made their father, the count, childless in one day.' 'And he made me landless,' said Sir Archibald; 'so that account is settled. Thou needest read no farther,' he continued; 'I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution.' 'You did me the greater wrong,' said Francis; 'they cost three good blows of this good sword.' 'Be it so, and God be with their souls,' said Hagenbach. 'But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, Scharfgerichter; for the stuff that came hither to-day is for dungeon and cord, or perhaps a touch of the rack or strappado—there is no honour to win on them.' 'The worse luck mine,' said the executioner. 'I had dreamed so surely that your honour had made me noble; and then the fall of my sword!' 'Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries.' 'With your honour's permission, no,' said the executioner; 'to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand.' *

"The cars, so lately placed to obstruct the passage of the street, were now joined together, and served to support a platform, or scaffold, which had been hastily constructed of planks. On this was placed a chair, in which sat a tall man, with his head, neck, and shoulders bare, the rest of his body clothed in bright armour. His countenance was as pale as death, yet young Philipson recognised the hard-hearted governor, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He appeared to be bound to the chair. On his right, and close beside him, stood the priest of Saint Paul's, muttering prayers, with his breviary in his hand; while on his left, and somewhat behind the captive, appeared a tall man, attired in red, and leaning with both hands on the naked sword, which has been described on a former occasion. The instant that Arnold Biederman appeared, and before the landman could open his lips to demand the meaning of what he saw, the priest drew back, the executioner stepped forward, the sword was brandished, the blow was struck, and the victim's head rolled on the scaffold. A general acclamation and clapping of hands, like that by which a crowded theatre approves of some well-graced performer, followed this feat of dexterity. While the headless corpse shot streams from the arteries, which were drunk up by the saw-

dust that strewed the scaffold, the executioner gracefully presented himself alternately at the four corners of the stage, modestly bowing, as the multitude greeted him with cheers of approbation. 'Nobles, knights, gentlemen of free-born blood, and good citizens,' he said, 'who have assisted at this act of high justice, I pray you to bear me witness that this judgment hath been executed after the form of the sentence, at one blow, and without stroke missed or repeated.' The acclamations were reiterated. 'Long live our Scharfgerichter Steinerherz, and many a tyrant may he do his duty on!' 'Noble friends,' said the executioner, with the deepest obeisance, 'I have yet another word to say, and it must be a proud one.—God be gracious to the soul of this good and noble knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He was the patron of my youth, and my guide to the path of honour. Eight steps have I made towards freedom and nobility on the heads of free-born knights and nobles, who have fallen by his authority and command; and the ninth, by which I have attained it, is upon his own, in grateful memory of which I will expend this purse of gold, which but an hour since he bestowed on me, in masses for his soul. Gentlemen, noble friends, and now my equals, La Ferette has lost a nobleman and gained one. Our Lady be gracious to the departed knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, and bless and prosper the progress of Stephen Steinerherz von Blutsacker, now free and noble of right! With that he took the feather out of the cap of the deceased, which, soiled with the blood of the wearer, lay near his body upon the scaffold, and, putting it into his own official bonnet, received the homage of the crowd in loud huzzas, which were partly in earnest, partly in ridicule of such an unusual transformation.' *

We have no room for further extract this week; though the scenes in which the secret tribunal of the Vehme, Charles the Bold, and Margaret of Anjou, make their appearance, tempt us to further selection. The whole story is one of extreme interest, which we hope rather to have excited than impaired by our selections; as we have taken care they should be such as would not develop the mystery so loved by novel readers. In conclusion: the imagination of Scott appears here in its youthful vigour; and we predict that this will be one of his popular productions.

Fetavaei Abdur-rahim; or, the Fetavaeh of Abdur-rahim. 2 vols. folio. Printed at the Constantinopolitan Press, under the supervision of Ibrahim Ssaib. *Rebiulachir* 1243 (November 1827).

To many of our readers it may prove a novelty to know that the Ottoman metropolis possesses a press, as well as the capitals of Christendom. The present is by no means a solitary specimen of that press; and we promise ourselves no few thanks, hereafter, for the fund of instruction and amusement it is our purpose to extract from its productions. In the meanwhile there are few to whom a word or two on the progress of the art of printing in Turkey will be unacceptable. The first press at Constantinople was set up by Jews, and its labours were limited to works in the Hebrew tongue: their example was followed by the Greeks and Armenians, but found no imitators among the natives themselves until the year 1720, when Mehemet Effendi was sent on an embassy to Paris. His son, Said, who accompanied him on this occasion, visited every work of art in

that mart of human ingenuity; but none of them excited his admiration so forcibly as the printing-houses. On his return to the Turkish capital, seven years afterwards, he therefore solicited and obtained permission from the Grand Signior to set up a similar establishment, which he placed under the superintendence of Ibrahim Effendi, a Hungarian renegade, who conducted it with great zeal and success, and had his types cut out under his own directions. This press slowly emitted dictionaries, grammars, voyages and travels, and historical works;—nay, in spite of the Koran's injunction against pictorial symbols, it produced a work on America, which was accompanied by engravings. After Ibrahim's decease it gradually lapsed into a state of almost total inactivity; but its energy has been re-awakened in a remarkable manner of late years; and the reigning master of the Seven Towers is the first Ottoman sovereign by whom the mighty influence of "the press" has been felt, acknowledged, and brought into action. We should add, that it is a mistake to conceive the Turks slight the art of printing altogether, or do not look upon it with a friendly eye: they undoubtedly prefer written works, on account of their superior beauty; but this is the whole "front and bearing" of their prejudices in this particular.

Having refreshed our memory with this scrap of fitting reminiscences, we now take up *Abdur-rahim* as our index to the "march of jurisprudential intellect" within the infidel walls of Byzantium.

In the whole range of Turkish literature there is probably no work of greater importance, and certainly none on which a higher value is set, than the present Collection of Judgments. It is the compilation of the celebrated mufti,* Mentesh sadi Abdur-rahim Effendi, who filled the highest dignity of Ottoman judicature for a space of many years, and died, in the enjoyment of his countrymen's veneration as a mufti, in November 1717. It consists of judgments given at different times and by various muftis; and, in fact, contains a general exposition of the oral law of Mahomedan jurisprudence. Some of the judgments are his own, though he has not designated them as such. This code of "fetwa's" immediately preceded an edition which issued from the Turkish press seven years back, of the code composed by the mufti, Durri sadi Mohammed Aarif, formerly the director of the Turkish chancery, and whose compilation embraced about 2000 judgments, delivered between the years 1730 and 1773. The collection on which we are about to dwell is, however, of tenfold extent, and contains nearly 20,000 "wise saws and instances" propounded by the Ottoman chancellor. The classification of subjects, in accordance with the nature of their objects, is precisely the same in this as in other well-known works relating to Turkish law:—it is divided into 944 sections, of which our limits preclude us from rendering any further account than noticing the principal heads of the forty-three books under which these sections are ranged, and extracting from each a pertinent illustration.

* The mufti, or sheik-ulislam, i. e. "chief of the elect," is the great expounder of the Koran in all judicial proceedings, especially such as are of a criminal nature; and announces his decision with such commendable laconism, as never to vouchsafe any exposition of their grounds, though he has the modesty, in intricate cases, to wind them up with a—"God knows what is better," and subscribe himself the poor slave of God. It is this written judgment which is styled "fetwah," whence he derives the title of Sahibe-fetive, or lord of the judicial decisions.

Begin we then with No. 1. the book of *purification*.—"If a hare fall into Seid's well and become putrid, is it necessary to empty out the whole of the water and purify the well?—Answer, Yes."

"2. Book of *prayer*.—What measure ought lawfully to be dealt towards Seid, who omits to pray five times a-day?—Chastisement and imprisonment."

"3. Book of *almsgiving*.—Is it allowable that the Moslem, Hind, Seid's wife, should bestow alms on the poor monks of a Christian church?—Yes;" (and we add,—blush, ye Christian advocates of intolerance! Go, and do likewise!)

"4. Of *fasting*.—[An Asiatic canon not fit for quotation in a European periodical.]

"5. Of *pilgrimage*.—If the Moslem, Hind, possess no husband, or male personage (*mahrem*) who is privileged to enter the harem, is it permitted to her to enter upon a pilgrimage, accompanied by some steady females of good repute?—No."

Between this and the succeeding book is inserted a long digression on tithes, duties, taxes, houses, gardens, vineyards, mills, sheep, brides, slaves, subjects, fiefs, farms, fisheries, mines, planting, bee-hives, tobacco, and so forth.

"6. The book of *seir, or campaigns*.—When the unbelieving Albanians, who are for ever warring against the Moslems, may obtain the upper hand, is it lawful to dispose of their captured men and girls, and take the latter to wife?—Yes."

There is a most extraordinary chapter interposed between this and the seventh book: it concerns offences and blasphemies against God, the Koran, learned scribes, wives, &c., and breathes the spirit of Islamism in all its purity. Take this instance in proof:—"If Seid says the Koran is not God's word, but Othman's invention, what is fit to be done?—Put the unbeliever to death." This judgment is worthy of attention in an *historical* point of view, as proving that Othman, commonly called Dschamiol-kuran, or collector of the Koran, is its real editor; a point which Hamaker has disputed in his *Bibliotheca Critica*. We resume:—"If the unlettered Seid should wax wroth with the learned Amru, and abuse him, saying,—'A fig for your learning; 'tis all filth and dirt!' how is Seid to be dealt with?—Let him be scourged; and if Amru be a learned scribe, and Seid has thereby scandalised the light of the law, let him be held to renew the formularies of his faith and marriage."

"7. Of *punishments*.—If Seid do violence to the maiden, Hind, in what manner is he to be treated?—Let him be stoned."

"8. Of *theft*.—If Hind, the Moslem, have stolen valuable articles belonging to Amru out of a place of safe custody; and if, after confessing the theft, she do not restore the property, what is right to be done with her?—Let her hand be cut off."

"9. Of *those things which the law approves and disapproves*. (To wit, as to eating and drinking, dancing and music, touching and bedding, &c.)—Are the dance of the Soffi and the circular reel of the Mewlewis, accompanied by kettledrums and flutes, allowable by law?—There is nothing inherently evil in these; but they produce such evil consequences, that his majesty the padishah, the extinguisher of the prohibited, and preserver of the pure egg of Islamism, has done himself great honour by forbidding and banishing such disgraceful practices." It appears by the peroration of this

fatwah, that the flock of the prophet is not without its pharisaical leaven; which prompts our Mimos to the following rebuke:—"The Soffis, who permit themselves disgraceful actions whilst they are pronouncing God's name, must in future pronounce that name with becoming reverence for the law; and the Mewlewis must wholly abandon the dance with flute and kettledrum accompaniments, and must listen like their neighbours to lectures and sermons."

"10. Of *killing and hunting animals*.—When Seid, the Moslem, on occasion of the sacrificial festival, orders Rajah Amru to slay the offering and pronounce the solemn formula, 'In the name of God,' is this a valid act?—Yes."

"11. Of *sowing and watering*.—If Seid have an ox and possess a field, which he cultivates, and Hind contribute an ox and seed, is it a binding contract, when they agree to divide the produce between them?—No."

"14. Of *marriage*.—If Seid say, in the presence of witnesses, 'I give Hind, my youthful daughter, to Bekir, the youthful son of Amru, in marriage,'—does Hind really become the betrothed of Bekir?—Yes."

We find, between this and the succeeding book, a chapter on daughters, mothers, and degrees of kindred not admissible into the harem. The 15th book is of *suckling*; and then a chapter on marriage-portions and legal descent intervenes.

"16. Of *divorce*.—When Seid marries Hind, and waxing wroth with her before the marriage is consummated, pronounces the words, 'She shall depart thrice untouched and divorced from me,'—is she thence thrice divorced?—Yes." Under this head is introduced an exposition of the term "*lawful maintenance*," which is worthy of forming "part and parcel" of the law of England, or any other *Christian* land: to wit,—"*If destitute Hind stand in need of support, in what proportions is this to be provided by her children, the son of Amru, and her daughters, Seineb and Chaddische?—Each of the three shall contribute an equal portion.*"

The next, or seventeenth book, lays down a very cheap and easy mode of manumission; not found, it is true, in Bryan Edwards or Clarkson, but not on that account to be withheld from the ken of a Wilberforce or Buxton. In this book "*of manumission*," it is asked, "If Seid say of Amru, his slave, that Amru is his son,—is Amru free?" And the answer is, "Yes"! Again, in the next chapter, "*of previously promised manumission*," the following question is put: "If Seid says, my maid, Hind, shall become free forty days before my death, and if he die a twelvemonth afterwards,—is Hind to be set apart as not forming a portion of Seid's chattels?" And again the mufti says, "Yes."

"19. Of the *penal inflictions*.—If Seid designedly wound Amru with a sharp instrument and slay him,—what ought to follow?—The atonement of like with like."

We recommend our excerpt from the twenty-first book, "*of persons lost*," to the attention of the commissioners for reforming abuses in the Court of Chancery: our friend Abdurrahim is, beyond dispute, a scion of the old Lincoln's Inn stock. "What age must a lost individual have attained before he can be pronounced dead in the eye of the law?—NINETY YEARS!!!" More "new light" is in store for them. The twenty-second book, "*of commercial co-partnership*," recites, *inter alia*,—"If Seid and Amru are partners, and

Seid buy any article that is not stipulated in the articles of partnership, can Seid make that partnership liable?—No."

The twenty-third book, which is the most bulky of all, treats of "*ecclesiastical endowments*," and fills 180 pages, whereof a portion terminates the first volume, and the remainder occupies eleven pages of the second. Passing over the book on "*buying and selling*," we come to somewhat debatable ground, "*the rights of pre-sale*" (Schufaat); at all events, the application of such a right as is allowed under the subsequent dictum, would provide abundant food for Mr. Peel's new petty sessions. "If Seid sell a vineyard to Amru, and make it over to him, and Bekir be owner of a vineyard abutting upon the same,—can he, upon fulfilling all covenants binding upon Amru, possess himself of Seid's vineyard?—Yes!"

"28. Of *lending*.—If Amru, when going upon service, borrow a horse of Seid, on condition that two-thirds of all booty shall accrue to himself, and the other third shall be reckoned for the horse, and the horse be ruined without blame attaching to him,—is Amru bound to make good the loss?—No."

It would appear, by a decision we are about to quote from the twenty-ninth book, "*of pledging*," that in certain circumstances the Turkish owner becomes the heir of his slave's effects. "If Seid's slave, Amru, pledge 500 piastres with Bekir, and Amru die,—can his master claim the said sum from Bekir?—Yes."

The tongue is a more potent weapon in Turkey than in Christendom. *Es. gr.* "If Seid ask Hind to give him one of her vineyards, has he admitted that the vineyard is Hind's property?—Yes." Vide p. 235, in the thirty-second book, "*of admissions*" (Ikkar).

The "*statute of limitations*" is unknown at Constantinople, as we gather from a case and opinion given in the thirty-sixth book, "*of demands and claims*." "If legal demands, founded on legal grounds, have not been urged during a space of fifteen years, can they be brought before the courts?—Yes."

"38. Of *evidence*.—How many witnesses are requisite to support a case of incontinency?—Four."

We observe, that neither *blind men* can be clothed with judgements, nor idiots or madmen make a will; and shall now abandon the foregoing specimens of Turkish jurisprudence to the cogitations of the inquisitive, with a valedictory citation from the *olla podrida* contained in the forty-third and last book, "*of partition walls*" (Haitan); where we find fatwahs on bridges, cessions, chimneys, baths, trees, *et eis dissimilissima*, heaped together in most admired confusion. "Can the inhabitants of a village expel Hind for treading unseemly ways?—No; because it belongs to magistrates alone to decide in cases of immoral deportment."

Narrative of a Journey from Calcutta to Europe, by way of Egypt, in the Years 1827 and 8. By Mrs. Charles Lushington. 12mo. pp. 284. London, 1829. Murray.

THE unaffected grace, intelligence, and literary neatness, by which this little volume is characterised, must recommend it to the most favourable regards of the public, independently of its novelty as being written by a lady, the first (we understand) who has performed the overland journey from India to England. We talk prodigiously of the *march of mind*, and pay it all our tributes in books, pamphlets, and

journals; but surely this period is distinguished as much by the march of female beauty and enterprise, talent, and genius, as by the boasted advances in masculine education, and, to adopt more of the cant phraseology, the "*spread of knowledge*!" Here is a lady braving the storms and pirates of the Red Sea, the fatigues of Egyptian deserts, the alarms of wild Arab and despotic Turk,—investigating, on the banks of Nilus, the tombs and ruins of the ancient world, and ascending the pyramids; and at the end of her interesting travel giving an account of what she has seen and done, in a style and manner which would do honour to the best-informed of the other sex. Indeed, we ought to say, that her narrative possesses a superior charm in its simplicity, and the freshness with which it describes the route itself and the objects on the way. This it owes to its origin; for, after Fitzclarence, Johnson, and other recent travellers' descriptions of the same journey, it is probable that no other male author could present us with so much that is new and pleasing as has been presented by Mrs. Lushington.

Having thus briefly introduced her to our readers, we shall proceed to extract some of the passages in her work which have chiefly contributed to produce these impressions upon us. We pass over the Indian portion of the tour, and the voyage up the Red Sea, and come to preparations for passing the desert at Cosseir.

"Some time elapsed (says our fair countrywoman) before so large a party as ours could be accommodated with camels; they were procurable in any number, though they could not be collected without a little delay. They were white and black, besides the usual dun colour. I may here remark, that the distinction between dromedary and camel is no further known in Egypt, than that the former is used for the purposes of riding and despatch, the latter for the conveyance of burthens. Our cavalcade consisted of ninety-six camels, besides many asses,—no great number, when it is to be recollected we carried with us tents, clothes, wine, water, and provisions." Amongst her fellow-travellers Mrs. L. had the good fortune to reckon Mr. Elphinstone, the distinguished Governor of Bombay, whose high personal character and extensive information, no less than his public eminence and esteem, rendered him perhaps the most valuable friend and guide which such a party could acquire. Of this a slight proof is afforded by our next quotation.

"Anniversaries passed in strange countries, and at a long distance from home, are generally celebrated by travellers with extraordinary zest and cordiality; and though I am apprehensive of being considered tedious in dwelling upon what indifferent persons may deem uninteresting, yet I will venture to describe the fête which Mr. Elphinstone gave us on New-year's-day 1828. Ill as I was, and fatigued by pain rather than the journey, I wished on this day to join the gentlemen in the dinner tent; and I confess I was amused by the contrast of the narrative which I had been reading, with the appearance of the table and party before me. The author of the book in question described the delight of the traveller on arriving at the wells where we were then encamped, and his satisfaction, after all his privations, at quenching his thirst with plenty of water; and, in short, would have impressed us with the notion that the Desert he had passed, and in which we then were, was such a one as depicted by Burckhardt,—abounding in sand, hunger, and thirst. But

behold our party, consisting of ten persons, sitting in a comfortable tent lined with yellow baize, and cheerfully lighted up; a clean tablecloth, and the following bill of fare:—roast turkey, ham, fowls, mutton in various shapes, curry, rice, and potatoes, damson tart, and a pudding; Madeira, claret, sherry, port, and Hodgson's beer. For the dessert, Lemann's biscuits, almonds and raisins, water-melons, pumpleuse (or shaddock), and a plumcake as a finale! What astonished me, was the ease with which the whole arrangement of our meals was conducted: however, I believe this was principally to be attributed to the skilful superintendence of Mr. Elphinstone's head servant, Antonio. He was active and strong; a good tailor and a good cook; speaking a little of most languages, but being master of Arabic, French, and Italian. He mended my harness like a practised saddler; and, in short, could do any thing and every thing it was required. The cook, dining-tent, and apparatus, were sent forward early in the morning, before we started ourselves; and at six in the evening our dinner was ready."

Among the scenes witnessed by Mrs. L. she mentions the exhibition of the Almehs.

"My tukhte rowan was assailed by five or six dancing-girls, called Almehs. I immediately lowered the silk blind, which, however, I thought they would have torn off in the same clamour and struggle for *bucksees*. I could not help seeing them as I strove to keep down the curtain; and it was impossible to behold them without disgust. Their countenances appeared inflamed by drinking, their persons were greatly exposed; and altogether they more resembled common robust English women under the influence of liquor, than what I had fancied of the delicate and elegant Egyptian females. They wore the same full petticoat as the nautch-girls of India. I may seem capriciously affected by the customs of the inhabitants amongst whom I travelled, but to me these women appeared doubly bold and degraded from the absence of the veil. It is so entirely contrary to the prejudices of the country for a female to appear without it, that the lowest peasant's wife will not allow any one to pass without drawing her muffler of coarse blue cloth closer round her face; and to expose it thus must be the height of abandonment."

Having reached and crossed the Nile, Mrs. L. saw or explored Luxor, Carnac, Goornoo, the Memnonium, Medinet Haboo, and other celebrated places with which the European world are now becoming so familiarly acquainted; and her account of the spot where the party encamped is very picturesque.

"We were (she states) close to the banks of the river, commanding a fine view of Luxor, Carnac, Goornoo (the great repository of the dead), the Memnonium, Medinet Haboo, and the two colossal statues seated on the plain, like brother genii, in solitary grandeur. These two statues seem to have formed the side pillars or entrance of some enormous gateway. I understand the learned are much puzzled to discover which of the two is the one from which the sound is said to have proceeded every morning at sunrise; but I, who do not enter deeply into these discussions, am content to believe the vocal Memnon to be that which bears so many Greek inscriptions on its foot, stating that certain persons had heard the sounds, and specifying the day and the hour on which the prodigy took place. Unless these names be considered as fabrications, I do not perceive how the doubt could have arisen. While view-

ing these two statues one morning, the sight of a gentleman-like looking Turk coming towards us, (Turks are seldom to be seen in such a lonely place as we were then in,) surprised me a good deal. He made the usual Mahomedan salutations, and I was for the moment startled at hearing him address us in good English. The enigma, however, was soon solved, when the stranger introduced himself as Major Temple of the 15th Hussars, lately returned from Nubia. He, with Mr. Wilkinson, who was also attired in a Turkish dress, had fitted up two tombs, in one of the Goornoo mountains, for their residence. The Turkish garb may command some respect among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, but certainly has not the same effect in the lower provinces, where the English and French nations are so much esteemed, that a Frank dress is considered the best protection. The villagers in our vicinity, and who chiefly live in the caves of Goornoo, had a wild and resolute appearance. Every man was at this time armed with a spear, to resist, it was said, the compulsory levies of the pasha, who found it vain to attack them in their fastnesses. I, who was so delighted with the beauty and peace of our new abode, felt quite disturbed to discover that the very spot where we were encamped had, four years before, witnessed the massacre of many hundreds of Arabs, then in resistance against this recruiting system, and who were blown from guns, or shot, while endeavouring to make their escape by swimming across the river. The poor people around, however, behaved with civility to us, and I felt no apprehension at going among them with a single companion, or even alone. To be sure, we were obliged to take especial care of our property, for which purpose the chief of Luxor assisted us, by furnishing half a dozen men to watch by night round the encampment. Nevertheless, once after I had gone to sleep, I was awakened by the extinguishing of the light, and felt my little campbed raised up by a man creeping underneath: he fled on my crying out, and escaped the pursuit, as he had the vigilance, of our six protectors."

Nor was this the only personal adventure to which our heroine was exposed. Afterwards, at Dendera, she tells us—

"On our return from the temple I was nearly meeting with an awkward adventure. After a long ride, we found we had missed the place where we had left the ferry-boat, and that we had to cross a quicksand before we could reach our maash. In a minute my donkey sank up to the saddle, and one second more saw me off its back and thrown across the shoulder of an Arab: no sack of corn could have been treated with less ceremony. At any other time I should have shuddered at the approach of his garment to within a yard of my person; but when I had recovered from my first surprise, my ridiculous position would have made me laugh audibly, had I not been fearful that, if the man had caught the contagion, he might have let me fall into the stream. Fortunately, I did not recollect at that moment the confession of an Arab boatman with whom I remonstrated on his want of cleanliness, and who, on my questioning him how often he washed, answered, with apparent simplicity, that he had only done so three times in his life, when the ceremonies of his religion peremptorily required it. What a contrast to the practice of the Hindoos, who never allow a day to pass without plenary ablution; and who, in the coldest weather, bathe their shivering limbs in the Ganges, allowing

the clothes, which they wash with themselves, to dry on their persons!"

And again, in ascending the great pyramid, a feat, our readers may remember, previously achieved by Lady Belmore, as Dr. Richardson relates, with "perfect ease," Mrs. L. found it more difficult—for she thus describes her exploit:—

"On my arrival I saw some persons nearly at the top, and some just commencing the ascent. They were all at the very edge; and certainly their apparently perilous situation justified me in the conviction that I should never be able to mount. However, determining to make the attempt, I commenced outside from where the entrance has been formed, and walked along the whole length of one side of the square, about forty feet from the ground, to the opposite corner; the ledge being narrow, and in one place quite broken off, requiring a long step to gain the next stone. As the pyramid itself formed a wall to the right hand, and consequently an apparent defence, I felt no want of courage till I reached the corner where the ascent is in many places absolutely on the angle, leaving no protection on either side. About this time I began to be heartily frightened; and when I heard one gentleman from above call to me to desist, and another tell me not to think of proceeding, right glad was I to return, and to attribute my want of success to their advice rather than to my own deficiency of spirit. Each of the gentlemen as they descended told me the difficulty and fatigue were great, and they evidently were heated and tired; but, at length, in answer to my question a hundred times repeated, of, Do you think I could go? they proposed to me to try at least, and kindly offered to accompany me. Away I went; and by the assistance of a footstool in some places, and the aid of the guides, and the gentlemen to encourage me, I succeeded in arriving half-way, all the time exclaiming I should never get down again; and, indeed, my head was so giddy, that it was some minutes after I was seated at the resting-stone half-way before I could recover myself. Being a little refreshed, I resumed the ascent; but the guides were so clamorous that I turned back, finding their noise, and pushing, and crowding, as dangerous as the height. The gentlemen at length brought them to some degree of order, partly by remonstrance, and partly by carrying the majority to the top, and leaving only two with me. This quiet in some degree restored my head; and the footing as I advanced becoming more easy, I reached the summit amidst the huzzas of the whole party. It was a considerable time, however, before I gained confidence to look around, notwithstanding I was on a surface thirty feet square. The prospect, though from so great an elevation, disappointed me. I saw, indeed, an immense extent of cultivated country, divided into fields of yellow flax and green wheat, like so many squares in a chess-board, with the Nile and its various canals which cause their luxuriance, and a vast tract of desert on the other side; I must, however, acknowledge that this scenery I enjoyed on recollection—for I was too anxious how I was to get down, to think much of the picturesque. A railing even of straws might give some slight idea of security, but here there was absolutely nothing; and I had to cross and recross the angle, as the broken ledges rendered it necessary—for it is a mistake to suppose there are steps: the passage is performed over blocks of stone and granite; some broken off, others crumbling away, and

others which, having dropped out altogether, have left an angle in the masonry; but all these are very irregular. Occasionally the width and height of the stones are equal; but generally the height greatly exceeds the width: in many parts the blocks are four feet high. Once the stone was so high, that as I slipped off I feared that my feet would shoot beyond the ledge on which they were next to rest, and which certainly was but a few inches wide. Another time I was in great peril: I had stretched one foot down with much exertion as far as it could reach, and as the other followed, the heel of the shoe caught in a crevice of the rock, and I had nearly lost my balance in the effort to extricate myself. In a few places the width of the ledges enabled me to use the footstool, which considerably diminished the fatigue; but the greater number were far too narrow for its three feet to rest upon, and I thought it too insecure to allow an Arab to support it with his hands while I stepped upon it. After all this, it may be supposed I was glad when I had accomplished the undertaking; for, to tell the truth, the greatest pleasure I felt in ascending the pyramid was to be enabled to say at some future time that I had been at its summit."

(A continuation in our next.)

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Richelieu. 3 vols.

A COPY of the novel under this title has reached us too late for review this week, even if we had not already devoted as large a proportion of our space as is desirable in a single number to works of that class. We cannot, however, be so ungrateful for the pleasure this book has afforded us, as to pass it over utterly in silence; though we have only room to say, that it belongs to the Scott school in the best sense of the word, and is (with perhaps a slight reservation on the score of want of character) one of the cleverest that has been produced. The author is, as yet, we believe, little known to the literary world; but we will venture to prophesy that he cannot long remain either unknown or his talents unappreciated.

Life and Times of Francis I. 2 vols.
London, 1829. Bull.

THE press of more temporary matter prevents our doing that justice to this work which its merit demands. But what was a desideratum in the historical literature of a time replete with interest is supplied by a most full and animated account of Francis—a most chivalrous monarch. We shall, probably, return to it.

Chapters on Churchyards. By the Authoress of "Ellen Fitzarthur," "Widow's Tale," "Solitary Hours," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829. Blackwood.

FROM the first appearance of Ellen Fitzarthur—one of the very sweetest poems that ever emanated from a female pen—to the simple and pathetic *Widow's Tale*, and the *Solitary Hours*, varied by so many moods of mind and feeling—down to the *Chapters on Churchyards*, two very charming little volumes now before us—our critical office to Miss Caroline Bowles has been a very pleasant one,—that of continued and well-deserved praise. But though we generally pique ourselves upon our priority, yet in this instance the voice of public favour has forestalled ours; for these *Chapters* have long been favourites in Blackwood's Magazine, whose readers will be glad to see them in this connected form. We make no extract from pages already so extensively circulated; but

we must bestow great praise on the talent which has given such animation to the pictures of actual and every-day life. "*Broad Summerfield*" is a most delightful sketch; and "*Andrew Cleaves*" displays a degree of deep and fearful interest, which is a striking contrast to its lighter and livelier companions. Altogether, we can cordially recommend this work to our readers—to our fair ones, especially: it is the very thing for a lady's library.

Shreds and Patches of History, in the form of Riddles. 2 vols. London, 1829. Rodwell.

A GREAT number of amusing anecdotes are here collected, and in a manner very likely to impress them on the mind; for the names being omitted, the young reader has to look in the second volume to find who is the person in whose courage, generosity, &c. he has just been interested. We doubt, however, whether this does not cultivate the memory rather than other faculties; and also whether thus turning information to amusement does not weaken that industry of application, the habit of which is even more valuable than the knowledge it acquires. It is not from insulated incidents, however entertaining, that the understanding is led to weigh those causes and effects, reflection on which can alone form the judgment. Still these little volumes are very entertaining; and the selection of anecdotes has been most judicious.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris.

WE have seriously commenced amending our ways, though not our doings, in this city of cities—the streets are paving rapidly, and in a few years English ladies may venture to walk with firm tread, instead of that elastic bounding step which excites such severe criticism amongst the amateurs of graceful movements. Another improvement of considerable importance is also promised to the public—that of establishing drains, which are to communicate with the river. The execution of such a project would be truly beneficial to society, for the vapours which arise from stagnant pools are even less supportable than English fogs and sea-coal smoke, though the impurities of the former may not equally give rise to splenic affections, or prove as efficacious as provocatives to drowning, hanging, and poisoning.

Rather a ludicrous incident occurred the other day to a hero of the whip (a son of the Green Isle). Contrast, it appears, is one of the laws of equipment: milord determined, therefore, to observe it, not only with regard to the colour of his horses, but also to that of his servants; and for this purpose he hired a negro of blackest hue to perform the part of second lounge in the *arriere* currie seat of his barouche. Unfortunately, the African was totally ignorant of civilised customs; and growing weary of his sinecure post and the slow motion with which he was driven, he called out to his master, in an audible voice, to quicken his pace. Milord supposed the negro insane; but on the poor fellow explaining that he was not aware he was placed behind for shew, but that he imagined "massa" was coachman for the day, the mistake was pardoned. As this adventure took place *en plein jour*, at the Bois de Boulogne, it occasioned much merriment, and has given a new subject for a caricature.

I understand that M. Victor Hugo is going to give to the world some new poetical conceptions. His Pegasus has latterly taken the

mors aux dents; therefore I hope he will rein him in a little for the future; otherwise, we poor mortals can never follow the poet in his fanciful flights. The greater part of his late productions are totally incomprehensible to vulgar minds.

As a proof of what are the expectations of some ladies when they shall be re-animated, a fair Parisian who, *malgré elle*, was obliged to bid adieu to the pleasures of life, gave orders that a box, containing a pot of rouge, two sets of teeth, and several bands of hair, should be put in the coffin with her: she left the sum of a thousand francs to make these purchases; and then, as a balance to vanity, gave an equal sum to the poor of the parish. Charity, of course, covers foibles as well as sins; therefore, her calculation proved she had weighed the *pour et contre*.

A naturalist has just published a treatise on animals, in which he contends that cows, pigs, geese, &c. feel no pain when put to death by butchers, cooks, &c. These gentlemen would do well to reveal to their readers by what means they gain the confidence of the quadruped and feathered race: until then, we must doubt the assertions of animal historians, or rather the historians of animals.

A Spaniard has invented a new machine for building, which is (*dit on*) to accelerate the erecting of walls, laying of floors,—so that a house may be habitable in a fortnight. I rather think the inventor is more in need of “raising the wind” than houses, and that his quickly constructed edifices will turn out to be *des châteaux en Espagne*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 8th.—The arrangement and powers of that beautiful collection of mechanical contrivances in the Dock-yard at Portsmouth, constituting “Brunel’s Block Machine,” were illustrated this evening by Mr. Faraday, before one of the fullest audiences we have seen in the Institution for several years. His Grace the Duke of Somerset in the chair.

Mr. Faraday stated that the machine was for the purpose of forming ships’ blocks with rapidity, accuracy, and economy. It was first tried at work in Portsmouth dock-yard in 1805, and has done duty from that time to the present, supplying every demand made upon it. The cost of its erection, and of part of the mill-house in which it stands, amounted to £46,000: for some years afterwards, during the war, the saving, after all expenses were paid, and interest allowed for the outlay, amounted to £25,000 per annum! It forms blocks of all sizes, up to the largest which can be made, out of one piece of wood; and when in full work with thirty men, its rate of production is about one hundred blocks per hour. It is now, after a lapse of twenty-four years, at a time, too, when machinery altogether is highly improved, still accounted a perfect specimen, and has never required any repairs but those which a small smith’s shop on the premises has been able to supply. It is impossible to describe properly all the interesting and original points belonging to this invention; Mr. Faraday, however, gave such a view of the whole as shewed the divisions of labour by the various parts of the apparatus, and succeeded in impressing on the minds of his auditory the high value of the whole, and the perfection with which it attained its objects. The lecturer illustrated his subject by means of the set of perfect models belonging to the Navy Board, which were very obligingly

lent by that department of the government to the Institution for the evening. These models were constructed by Messrs. Maudsley and Field, as was also the original apparatus: they were in working-order during the evening, under the care of Messrs. M. and F.’s men, and excited a great deal of interest and attention. They are upon the scale of an inch to a foot, and carried a block of wood, about three inches long, through the various operations of boring, mortising, cornering, shaping, scoring, &c. &c.; and had not an hour been far too short a time, the block could have been completely finished by the apparatus.

In the library were a number of interesting articles brought from the East by Capt. Waite, including exceedingly beautiful specimens of Damascus blades and Persian armour; curious shields made from the hide of the rhinoceros, and very large drinking-cups and vases from the horn of the same animal; also many presents of fine crystals, of different substances, books, maps, engravings, &c.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MAY 12.—A meeting of the Society took place at their house in the Adelphi, for the purpose of distributing the premiums voted in the class of polite art,—his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair. The Secretary stated the reasons that had induced the Society to recur to their former practice of holding the distribution at their own house, instead of at the Opera House, as has been of late the practice. He then proceeded to make some observations on the two classes of amateurs and artists, in which the successful candidates were respectively arranged. The medals were distributed by his Royal Highness, with the kindness and interest that so eminently distinguish him when addressing the young; and the whole proceedings went off much to the gratification of a large assemblage that filled the great room of the Society. The distribution of rewards in mechanics and the other practical arts will take place on Monday the 8th of June.

THE MAGNETIC POLE.

[Important Communication.]

Christiania, April 28.

LETTERS have been received from Professor Hansteen and his companions to 19th February. On the 12th of September they left Tobolsk, and travelled on sledges, the cold being at 40 deg. of Réaumur; so that the frozen quicksilver could be cut with a knife. On the 31st they arrived at Tomsk; on the 21st of January 1829 at Krasnojarsk; and on the 7th of February at Irkutsk, which is about 4000 versts from Tobolsk. They afterwards visited Kiachta, and crossed the frontier of China: but the most agreeable result is, that the desired object of the journey is accomplished, as the observations have proved perfectly satisfactory—and the magnetic pole is found. Centuries will perhaps elapse before Siberia will be again so thoroughly observed. When the letters were despatched, it was resolved that the journey should be extended to Nertschinsk, from which place Professor Hansteen would return to Krasnojarsk. His companion, Lieutenant Due, was to go alone to Jakutzk, 2,700 versts N.E. of Irkutsk, and perhaps proceed down the river Lena to the Frozen Ocean; and they intended to meet again at Jeniseisk in September or October.

While on this subject, we may observe that M. Arago communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, at a late sitting, the result of some scientific experiments made by M. Humboldt on the magnetic needle, from

which it appears that its diurnal variation is by no means the same at Berlin and Paris. At Berlin on the 20th of January last the variation was three times greater than on the 27th; whereas at Paris, on the 26th, it was much greater than that of the 27th at Berlin. At the latter place the variation on the 11th of the same month was twice that of the 10th. At Paris that of the 10th was greater than that of the 11th. From a comparison of the tables, it is clear that this circumstance did not originate in any error of observation, but that the phenomenon of the diurnal variation is influenced by local causes. By experiments made at the mouth and lowest part of the Freyberg mines, it is ascertained that a depth of 798 feet in the earth has no sensible influence upon the power of inclination.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

Tenth Letter of M. Champollion.

Ypsamboul, Jan. 12, 1829.

ON a second view of the colossi which so worthily indicate the most magnificent excavation in Nubia, they appeared to me as admirable for their workmanship as they did on a first inspection. Every thing is colossal here, not excepting the labours which we have undertaken; and all who are acquainted with the spot know well what difficulties must be overcome in order to copy a single hieroglyphic in this great temple.

I quitted Ouadi-Halfa and the second contract on the first of this month. We slept at Gharbi-Serré; and the following day, at noon, I landed on the right bank of the Nile to examine the excavations of Machakit, a little to the south of the temple of Thoth at Ghebel Addeh, of which I spoke in my last letter. I was obliged to ascend an almost perpendicular rock upon the Nile, to reach a small chamber hollowed in the mountain, and ornamented with sculptures which are very much damaged. I, however, succeeded in discovering that it was a temple dedicated to the goddess Anoukis (Vesta) and to the other divinities, the protectors of Nubia, by an Ethiopian prince named Polri, who, being governor of Nubia under the reign of Rhameses the Great, prays to the goddess that the conqueror may tread the Libyans and the Nomads under his sandals for ever.

On the 3d, in the morning, we moored our vessels before the temple of Hathor, at Ypsamboul. I have already given a note of this pretty temple: I will add, that on its right there is sculptured upon the rock a very large design, representing another Ethiopian prince who presents to Rhameses the Great the emblem of victory (this emblem is the ordinary badge of the princes or sons of kings) with the following inscription in beautiful hieroglyphic characters:—“*The royal son of Ethiopia has said: Thy father Amon-Ra has endowed thee, O Rhameses, with a stable and pure life; may he grant thee length of days to govern the world and to keep in check the Libyans for ever.*”

It seems, then, that from time to time the Nomads of Africa disturbed the peaceful cultivators of the valleys of the Nile. It is very remarkable that on the monuments of Nubia I have hitherto found only names of Ethiopian and Nubian princes as governors of the country, even under the reigns of Rhameses the Great and of his dynasty. It appears, therefore, that Nubia was so united with Egypt, that the kings wholly trusted the natives of the country itself with the command of the troops. I may mention as a proof, a stela sculptured on the rocks of Ypsamboul, in which a person of the name of Mai, commander of the troops of the king in Nubia, and born in the country of Onaou, one of the cantons of Nubia, sings the praises of the Pharaoh Mandouel I., the fourth successor of Rhameses the Great, in very emphatic terms. It appears, also, from several other stelæ, that

divers Ethiopian princes were employed in Nubia by the heroes of Egypt.

On the 3d, in the evening, our labours at Ypsamboul commenced in the great temple, which is covered with such large and beautiful bas-reliefs. We have resolved to have drawings of the full size, and coloured, of all the bas-reliefs which decorate the great hall of the temple, the other chambers containing only religious subjects. [Here Mr. C. describes the intense heat to which they are exposed, till they are quite exhausted, and do not cease work till their legs can no longer support them.]

To-day, the 12th, our plan is nearly accomplished. We already possess six great pictures, representing—

1. Rhameses the Great in his car, with the horses in full gallop: he is followed by three of his sons, also in war chariots, and puts to flight an Assyrian army, and besieges a fortress.

2. The king on foot, who has just thrown down an enemy's general, and is piercing him a second time with his spear. The design and composition of this group are admirable.

3. The king is seated amidst his officers, when news is brought to him that the enemy is attacking his army. The king's car is prepared, and servants are checking the ardour of the horses, which here, as elsewhere, are drawn to perfection. Further on is seen the attack made by the enemy in war chariots, charging without order a line of Egyptian cars, ranged regularly. This part of the picture is full of life and action, and may be compared to the most beautiful battles on the Greek vases, of which these pictures constantly put us in mind.

4. The triumph of the king, and his solemn entry (into Thebes, doubtless), standing upright in a magnificent car, drawn by horses richly caparisoned, proceeding at a slow pace. Before the car are two lines of African prisoners: one of the Negro, and the other of the Barabra race, forming groups perfectly designed, and full of effect and life.

5 and 6. The king presenting captives of different nations to the gods of Thebes and Ypsamboul.

We have to finish the drawing of an enormous bas-relief, which covers almost the whole right wall of the temple: an immense composition, representing a battle; an entire camp; the tent of the king; his guards, his horses, the cars, the baggage of the army, the military games, punishments, &c. &c. In three days, at the most, this great drawing will be completed, but without colours, because the damp has entirely effaced them. This is not the case with the above-mentioned six pictures; the whole are coloured and copied in the minutest details with the most scrupulous care. Thus people will have an idea of the magnificence of the costume, and of the cars of the ancient Pharaohs, 1500 years before the Christian era; they may then comprehend the astonishing effect of these beautiful bas-reliefs, painted with so much care. I wish I could conduct into the great temple of Ypsamboul all those who refuse to believe the elegant richness which painted sculpture adds to architecture; I will answer for it, that in less than a quarter of an hour they would have perspired away all their prejudices, and that their preconceived opinions would ooze away through their pores!

Rosellini and myself have reserved to ourselves the hieroglyphic legends, often of great length, which accompany each figure or group in the historical bas-reliefs. We copy them on the spot, or from casts when they are placed at

too great a height. I compare them several times with the originals; I make a fair copy of them, and give them to the draughtsmen, who have already drawn and preserved the columns which are to receive them. I have also copied at full length the inscription on a great stela, placed between the two colossi on the left in the interior of the great temple; it contains no fewer than thirty-two lines, and is nothing less than a decree of the God Ptah in favour of Rhameses the Great, on whom he lavishes praises for his labours, and his benefits to Egypt: then follows the king's answer, conceived in terms equally polite. It is a very curious monument, and of a very peculiar kind. So far we have advanced in our memorable campaign of Ypsamboul; it is the most difficult and glorious that we can make during the whole journey. Our French and Tuscan companions rival each other in zeal; and I hope that on the 15th we shall set sail for Egypt with our historical treasures.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 9.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. F. Howard, M.A. Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—T. Brown, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. C. Kitson, Rev. J. Hadley, Scholar, Worcester College; G. Clive, Brasenose College; W. R. Bernard, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—D. V. Durell, Christ Church, Incorporated from Trinity College, Cambridge, Grand Compendium; W. Fisher, St. Edmund Hall; R. Fawcett, Lincoln College; J. Swainson, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 9.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Allen, Trinity College, Prebendary of Westminster.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. Blomfield, Emmanuel College; Rev. C. Wesley, Christ College.

Masters of Arts.—H. Ashington, H. Elphinstone, Trinity College; W. Keeling, W. H. Miller, Fellows of St. John's College; Rev. H. W. Crick, Jesus College; H. A. Brown, T. Kenyon, Christ College, Compendium; Rev. A. H. Small, Fellow of Emmanuel College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. P. Ashmore, Christ College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. H. Fenchem, R. Devey, C. P. Hamlyn, C. H. Templeton, W. H. Tudor, Trinity College; T. Moore, W. G. Nott, T. Storer, St. John's College; F. J. Courtenay, W. Ludlow, T. Moore, H. P. Shevell, St. Peter's College; T. Heathcote, Clare Hall; E. Ethelstone, Pembroke College; C. F. Chawner, J. Hooper, G. W. Stratton, J. K. Went, Corpus Christi College; R. B. Boyes, J. M. Brown, J. Brown, C. Clark, J. H. Steble, R. Taylor, Queen's College; B. S. Broughton, J. Penfold, Christ College; A. A. Young, Magdalen College; T. J. Rocks, Downing College.

At the same congregation Dr. C. R. Ellington, Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, was admitted D.D. *ad eundem*.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 14th. The President in the chair.—The remainder of Dr. Turner's paper on the composition of the chloride of barium, and a very curious paper from the pen of Dr. Spurzheim, on the organisation of the brain, communicated by Mr. Chenevix, were read. On the table, amongst the donations to the Society, were Professor Airy's Astronomical Observations, made at the Observatory of Cambridge, presented by that University; Mr. Green's Numismatic Atlas of Ancient History, with descriptive text; the 9th part of Professor Littrow's Astronomical Observations, made at the Imperial Observatory of Vienna, presented by the Emperor of Austria; a print of Lagrange, presented by M. De Prony; the Ordnance Map of Cirencester; and a variety of other works of art.

April 30th.—A paper was read, entitled, "on the spontaneous purification of Thames water," by John Bostock, M.D., F.R.S., &c.

In the report which the author made of the result of his examination of Thames water to the commissioners appointed by his Majesty to inquire into the supply of water for the metro-

polis, one of the specimens, taken near the King's Scholars' Pond sewer, was described as in a state of extreme impurity. This water had remained in the laboratory unattended to; and after an interval of some weeks, it was observed to have become clear, while nearly the whole of the former sediment had risen to the surface, forming a stratum of half an inch in thickness, and still emitting a very offensive odour. In process of time this scum separated into large masses or flakes, with minute air-bubbles attached to them. At the end of two months longer these masses again subsided, leaving the fluid almost totally free from any visible and extraneous matter. On analysis, the water was found to contain lime, sulphuric and muriatic acids, and magnesia, in much larger quantities than in the specimens of Thames water previously examined; the proportion of saline matter being increased fourfold. The proportion of the muriates is nearly twelve times greater; that of carbonate of lime, between two and three times; and that of sulphate of lime five and a half times greater. The water, in its foul state, had given very obvious indications of both sulphur and ammonia; but neither of these substances could be detected after its spontaneous depuration. The source of these new saline bodies is referable to the organic substances, chiefly of an animal nature, which are so copiously deposited in the Thames. The depurating process may be denominated a species of fermentation, in which the softer and more soluble animal compounds act as the ferment, and are themselves destroyed; while the salts that are attached to them are left behind. Hence, the more foul the water, the more complete the depuration; and it is on this principle that the popular opinion of the peculiar fitness of Thames water for being used at sea may be explained; its extreme impurity inducing a sufficient degree of fermentation to effect the removal of all those substances which might induce any future renewal of that process.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At the meetings of Thursday, May 7th, and the preceding Thursday, a paper was read from Mr. Britton, on Celtic or Druidical antiquities, accompanying a series of beautiful drawings from the author's sketches, representing several cromlechs and circles: the latter were divided into two classes—simple and compound. Among the latter were some interesting representations of the immense monument at Avebury, and that called Stonehenge, both in Wiltshire. Mr. Nichols communicated a paper on, and representations of, the very curious tapestry in St. Mary Hall, Coventry.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE anniversary of this noble charity, on Wednesday, was, though most respectfully, by no means so highly or so fully attended as it ought always to be, and as it would always be under different circumstances. Without imputing the slightest blame in any quarter, we can only attribute the languor of such a meeting to the lassitude which too often creeps into corporate bodies, and usurps the energy and activity of less favoured, but younger and more variable, associations. The company were about a hundred or a hundred and twenty in number; and not a few were distinguished by great literary talents and consideration in life;—but this is not enough for a Fund with objects of so general a claim to human sympathy and patronage—admirable in its principle, excellent in its administration, and universal in its benevo-

lence. It is true, that the Duke of Somerset, the President, was in the chair, and (we regret to say) that several foreign ministers were present; but it unfortunately happened, in so far as it might be necessary to impress their minds with an idea of the character of this Institution, for no less a purpose than the relief of literary distress, that of twenty Vice-Presidents, only one (Mr. Fitzgerald) supported it by his presence,—that of a Council of twenty, but seven appeared,—and that even of the Committee to whom the distribution of the Fund is intrusted, no more than eight out of nineteen were present.* On this proportion of countenance we cannot but observe, that sixteen out of sixty of the individuals who constitute the government of the society, is an attendance, upon its annual festival, so inadequate as to leave no cause of surprise when we see it greatly surpassed by institutions of less public interest, and directed to more limited purposes. Surely if the same spirit and management were employed, the Literary Fund, embracing the misfortunes of the whole wide world of literature, would not lag so much behind the anniversaries on behalf of particular and numerically small classes,—such as the destitute performers of a theatre, artists, and other similar deserving, but, in comparison, confined applicants to the common feeling of beneficence. Knowing the inestimable value of this Fund, and being well acquainted with the immeasurable good it does, these remarks are written more in sorrow than in anger;—not to depreciate the society, but to suggest its increased exertion and advancement. We are well aware, that it would be folly to expect from a body of noblemen and gentlemen, engaged in the most elevated and laborious pursuits which our free and glorious country offers to honourable ambition, a constant personal appearance, year after year, at these festivals, which more peculiarly invite the co-operation of rising rank and talent, and the enthusiasm of undrained sympathies. No field, however fertile, can fairly be expected to go on producing perpetual supplies; and in philanthropy, as in farming, it is certainly well to endeavour to bring fresh patronage, like fresh lands, into cultivation, for the benefit of the poor and the afflicted. In our opinion, eligible means might very readily be devised to effect this in the Literary Fund. Beyond a reasonable point it ought not to task its old and generous benefactors,—it ought not to press on the time and purses of its long-continued and constant friends; but it might render homage to their past services by honorary distinctions, while it filled up the ranks, in which circumstances had made them only nominal auxiliaries, with others of the same liberal dispositions, and effective in the cause as well as on the muster-roll. But we have stated enough on this point, and trust the hint may meet with the consideration of the managers of the Fund.

At the dinner every thing went off very pleasantly. Speeches were delivered by the noble chairman, by Mr. Barbour the American ambassador, by the Mexican Minister, by Sir G. Duckett, by Sir E. Carrington, by Sir R. H. Inglis on behalf of the University of Oxford, by Dr. Paris for that of Cambridge, by Dr. Lardner for the London University, by Mr. H. N. Coleridge for the King's College, by Alderman Crowder for the city, and by others on various occasions. Dr. Yates, one

* To this insufficient list of attendants from among the illustrious heads and effective officers of the Literary Fund, we may add, that not one of the three auditors was at the meeting.

of the treasurers, read a very favourable report of accessions made within the year to the permanent fund, besides granting relief to distressed authors, their widows and their orphans, to an amount exceeding any former year; and also a very considerable list of subscriptions. After the chair was vacated, about forty of the staunch supporters of the charity remained, and spent a social hour together in furthering the future views of the Fund.

PINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second notice.]

No. 20. *An illicit Whisky-Still in the Highlands.* E. Landseer, A.—Judging from its frequent appearance in our exhibitions, an illicit still is as favorite a subject with the artist, as its produce is with the Highlander, whose very existence, if Burns is to be believed, is linked with the enjoyment of the "mountain dew." The truth is, that the local circumstances which attend such a subject,—the vessel itself, with its accompaniments, the sheltered nook of country in which it is usually placed, and the character of the people engaged in the secret and hazardous speculation,—are all singularly picturesque. Of those various circumstances, Mr. Landseer has most happily availed himself in the work under our consideration, of which it is high but deserved praise to say, that it is one of the most interesting and masterly productions that we have seen from his pencil.

No. 28. *Waterfall near Vallagunta, in the Peninsula of India, in the Mountains that divide the Coasts of Coromandel and Malabar; its height between five and six hundred feet.* W. Daniell, R.A.—In order to feel the full effect of this fine display of nature, in one of her grandest and most beautiful forms, it may be well to advert to No. 210, *the Tago Mah'!* at Agra, viewed from the opposite side of the river Jumna, also by Mr. Daniell, in which we are presented with as fine a display of art, in one of its grandest and most beautiful forms. We are unable to determine in which of these representations Mr. Daniell has been the more successful; but it is evident that he must have found more difficulty, and drawn more upon the resources of his judgment and taste in the latter, than in the former.

No. 132. *Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, after their Rencontre with the Yanguesian Carriers.* W. F. Witherington.—There has been palpable injustice in placing this exceedingly clever cabinet picture—than which, in conception and execution, there is nothing better in the room—in the unfavourable situation which it occupies. Another of Mr. Witherington's pictures, No. 149, *The Soldier's Wife*, is as disadvantageously hung; although we should have thought that, independently of its own merits, the subject of it, a well-known but highly creditable anecdote of his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, might have obtained for it a more honourable station. When to present facts such as these, we add the recollection of the scandalous manner in which poor Bonington was treated last year, we feel it impossible to refrain from charging the Academy with, at least, and to use the mildest expression, a great and reprehensible neglect of duty.

No. 181. *Queen Margaret of Anjou, being defeated at the Battle of Hexham, lies with the Young Prince into a Forest, where she meets with Robbers, to whose protection she confides her Son.* H. P. Briggs, A.—We regret that

in his choice of subjects, this able artist, who has already so highly distinguished himself, both in the historical and in the imaginative classes of the art, does not seem to be sufficiently aware of the charm of novelty. However, it is but justice to him to say, that he has treated the story of his present picture in a manner which differs from any management of it that we recollect; for, instead of making the prince cling to his mother for protection, he has represented him as confronting the robbers with a sort of childish sturdiness and defiance. The picture is powerfully painted; but, as in some of Mr. Briggs's preceding works, the group appears to be compressed into a space too small for it to act freely in.

[To be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

No. 107. *An Otter.* J. F. Lewis.—A singularly beautiful drawing. But where is the otter? Aha! Mr. Lewis, you are a wag. We have discovered the animal; and a fine old picturesque otter he is; and many noble trout have no doubt fallen victims to his piscivorous propensities. When we contemplate this venerable "brother," or rather "grandfather of the angle," and carry our imagination back to his youthful days, we are induced to recommend "the first and the last fly" as a subject to the able writer who is at present enriching Blackwood's Magazine with a series of striking papers on "firsts and lasts."

No. 246. *The Bachelor—Oxford.* J. F. Lewis.—At least as beautiful a drawing as that just mentioned, but of quite a different character. In composition and in execution, in its breadth and in its details, in its chiaroscuro and in its colouring, nothing can be more fascinating. The enjoyments with which Mr. Lewis has surrounded his hero,—the luxurious couch on which he is reposing and examining the lock of his Manton, the still more luxurious breakfast which is spread out before him, the cheerful fire imparting to him its genial warmth, the hookah on his mantle, the books—Sophocles side by side with the Sporting Magazine—and, as the climax, the miniature, indicative of his indulgence in the tender passion,—form altogether an assemblage very captivating to the imagination. When the ancient conqueror of the world observed the sturdy and scornful independence of the cynic philosopher, he exclaimed, that if he were not Alexander, he would wish to be Diogenes. When we regard this charming picture of Mr. Lewis's, we are disposed to parody the mighty Macedonian, and to declare, that if we were not a married man, we would wish to be a bachelor! This is, we believe, a portrait of Mr. Evans, an artist highly distinguished by his own works in this Exhibition.

No. 225. *The Corsair's Isle—the Parting of Medora and Conrad: Evening.* D. Harding.—We know not whether the artist who has produced this fine composition has had the advantage of a personal study of the classic scenery of Italy and Greece; but this is not the first occasion on which he has shewn that his mind is thoroughly imbued with its grandeur and beauty.

No. 238. *The old Park at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire.* J. Byrne.—In striking contrast to the united sublimity and loveliness of the last-mentioned performance, is the wild

* We are glad to see a work in three vols. entitled the "Five Nights of St. Alban's," announced by Blackwood, and, as report says, from the same able pen.—Ed. L. G.

magnificence of this local view; the contemplation of which carries the imagination back to past ages and the romantic events connected with them. It does infinite credit to Mr. Byrne's talents.

No. 358. *The Wedding*. Miss L. Sharpe.—A charming drawing. Execution in water-colours has never, in any instance that we remember, been carried further than in this beautiful performance. There is a delicacy and purity in the expression of the bride quite delightful; and the curiosity and interest of the surrounding spectators are very happily depicted. We confess, however, that we wish the little episode of the deserted fair-one had been omitted. It gives to what would otherwise have been a perfect scene of truth and nature somewhat of the air of one of those mawkish and miserable novels, by the intense study of which so many of our young ladies unfit themselves for the duties and enjoyments of real life.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Views of Windsor Castle, and the adjacent Scenery. Drawn and engraved by William Daniell, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WHEN eight of these beautiful views made their appearance, some months ago, they were noticed in the *Literary Gazette* with the praise which they deserved. Mr. Daniell has now published the four which were wanting to complete the set; namely, "the Royal Lodge, Windsor Park," (in which the manly and graceful figure of our gracious Sovereign, reposing on a garden-seat, is very happily introduced), "Windsor Castle from the Brocas Meadows," "the Quadrangle, Windsor Castle," and "Windsor Castle from the north-west." They are in every respect worthy of their predecessors.

Draught Horses. Painted by A. Cooper, Esq. R.A.; engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Two fine animals; well painted and well engraved.

Benedictine Monks at their private Festivities during Carnival-time. Painted by J. Cawse; engraved by W. Giller. F. G. Moon.

A RIGHT merry party. If the character of the group be as faithful an imitation of nature as the effect of light and shade, (which is exceedingly skilful,) the "Regula Monachorum" of the celebrated founder of the order are entirely forgotten by his descendants.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

—At the anniversary of this truly excellent charity on Saturday, about two hundred sat down to dinner, and the Duke of Somerset in the chair was supported by many distinguished individuals. The subscription amounted to 6000. The day passed off in much festivity, highly gratifying to the numerous party of well-wishers to the charity who attended.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. IV.

We are glad to find that this series of Chinese sketches are so much relished by our readers, and trust they will be pleased to hear that we are provided with materials for prolonging them through a considerable number of our *Gazettes*.

"Divorce.—The Oanchasze, or criminal judge of Canton province, has issued the following proclamation: 'Chow, by imperial appointment the criminal judge of Canton, here-

by strictly prohibits the putting away of wives for slight causes, husbands conniving at the wife's adultery, or selling her to another man. His object is to support the public morals. The relation of husband and wife is the first of the five social bonds. The domestic female apartment is the source of all moral renovation. Husband and wife should respect each other as host and guest, and live in constant harmony, like two well-tuned instruments of music. Thus, together, they should water their own garden, and eat the fruit of their labour. No dislikes should be allowed to arise from poverty or want. The wife should look up to her husband as her heaven, and not be allowed at her pleasure to desert him. For vile practices there is no place so bad as Canton. Sometimes prosperity makes men forget a former affection. Sometimes want, induced by a disposition addicted to gaming, and a lack of food and clothes, produces sudden repudiation, without regret. Then the ejected wife, deceived by covetous go-betweens, is hired for clandestine purposes. Some sell their wives to sing and play, and submit to the embraces of others. Some invite profligate men to their own houses, and give up their wives to prostitution. Such practices inflict a deadly wound on public morals; and, therefore, Chow issues this proclamation to prohibit them. And he commands all persons, both the military and people, for the time to come, to obey the laws of decorum. Even if in deep poverty, still let them submit tranquilly to Heaven's decree. Diligence and economy must produce a competence. All should know that legitimate posterity depends upon a lawful wife; and she ought not to be lightly rejected, and sold for lewd purposes, to the disgrace of the family. Nor should there be the least connivance. If ye adulterers and adulteresses persist, and reform not, it is resolved to prosecute with the utmost rigour of the law. Under the luminous heaven and renovating sun of his present majesty's reign, it is impossible to endure you, ye wondrous and destroyers of the public morals. Let each tremblingly obey this mandate, and not induce a too late repentance.' The law of divorce is, that whoever puts away his wife, excepting for one of the seven legal causes, shall be punished with eighty blows. The seven causes are, having no son, lewdness, not serving her husband's parents, loquacity, theft or robbery, envy and malice, some noxious disease. Of husband and wife, the first bond should be kindness; the union, righteousness; the continuance, decorum. Breaches of decorum may be overlooked; but unrighteous acts, such as a wife's striking her husband, or a husband his wife, and wounding each other, make it necessary to insist on a separation; as much so as a man's forcing his wife to cohabit with another man, or hiring her out for the same purpose. To modify the seven legal causes of divorce, which are rather sweeping, there are three exceptions. Some causes may not be alleged during the three years of mourning for a parent; nor if the parties were first poor and afterwards rich; nor if the wife was received into a house at the time of marriage, but had none to return to.

"Kiangsi Province.—The Hoakune, or President of Literati in the province, having sold degrees clandestinely, a secret report was sent to the emperor, and he ordered two commissioners to proceed forthwith and search Fokshin the president's house. They found a hoard, amounting to 400,000 taels—a sum which a doctor of letters could not have acquired by any fair means. Ashamed, disgraced,

and beggared, poor Fokshin went and hanged himself.

"Abuses, against which his Excellency the Governor of Canton has issued a proclamation, forbidding their continuance, and threatening those concerned.—First abuse: the clerks and writers in public offices combine to act in concert and extort money, at which the local magistrates connive; and without distinguishing 'black from white' (i. e. the innocent from the guilty), determine after hearing only one side of the question. Second abuse: larger clans, in villages, insult smaller ones. In Canton it is the custom for kindred of different names to associate themselves, and live together in clans. The larger clans presume on their numerical strength, and seize the best lands and the most useful streams. They insult both the men and women of the smaller clans, whenever they go in or out. And when disputes arise about graves and debts, they proceed to barbarous violence, and the destruction of property, till the weaker party, from constant insult and injury, is compelled to remove from the neighbourhood. Extreme cases occur in which the two clans commence a sort of private warfare, and kill numbers on both sides. Third abuse: originating a criminal accusation against innocent persons for the sake of extorting money. This, in the slang of the public offices, is called *planting a fir-tree*. Abroad there is a class of swindlers who connect themselves with the police, and find out rich timid people, against whom they originate an accusation of housing gamblers, or keeping a brothel, or of harbouring banditti; or they bring a charge of fighting and robbing. Then they make out a list of names, and repair openly to the police, obtain, without inquiry, a warrant to bring the criminals up for trial, and forthwith proceed to seize their innocent prey. They perhaps bind them fast in the hold of a boat, or shut them up in an empty room, where they ill-use them in a hundred ways to compel them to pay for their liberation. The ignorant and simple, being afraid of appearing before a magistrate, submit to become fish and flesh to these beasts of prey. A few, perhaps, have courage to appear and state their case; then the accuser disappears, and the business sinks, or is laid on the shelf. These proceedings deserve the deepest detestation. Fourth abuse: the police runners, on receiving a warrant to summon witnesses, put themselves into a chair, attach a number of false attendants, and away they go, sometimes a great distance, to deliver the summons. On their arrival, whether the cause be trivial or important, they first demand fees for wine and flesh, and payment for the chair-bearers. Then comes the fee for the summons. If the least resistance to their demands be made, they and the chairmen begin to break the furniture, raise a clamorous disturbance, insult the women, or drag away by violence the domestic animals, and sell them to pay themselves. His excellency, therefore, disallows chairs to police runners, and commands them to travel on foot. Fifth abuse: in Canton province, of late years, a great many dikes have been raised on the banks of the rivers, to take in shallows and convert them to the purposes of agriculture. There is a class of country sharpers called sand swindlers, who connect themselves with government clerks, raise litigations on false pretences and false depositions, by which means they get the produce of new lands during the whole term of litigation, which lasts sometimes for tens or scores of years. They have been known to cut down the real owners' grain by force, and possess themselves

of it. Sixth abuse: the police, to extort money, detain people in private houses and apply every means of annoyance and illegal torture before they bring them up to the magistrate. This is done not only in cases where great crimes are alleged, such as murder and robbery, but also in questions about landed property, marriage, &c. Occasionally they cause the death of their prisoner, and then pretend he committed suicide, or died of acute disease; and to slur it over, compel the kindred to receive the remains of their murdered relation and inter them. Seventh abuse: this last abuse refers to the exacting, by violence, disallowed fees, chiefly in collecting the land-tax. One detestable mode of extorting by the government agents is to scratch and wound their heads a little, and then to impeach for refusing the land-tax and wounding his majesty's officers sent to collect it, which is a capital crime, &c. &c."

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fifth Philharmonic Concert on Monday the 27th, from various causes, happened to be rather inferior to its predecessors; and if we except for unconditional approbation the overture to the "Magic Flute," it would not be very difficult to find more or less fault with all the other pieces. Even the charms of Haydn's *sinfonia*, letter R, in C, were considerably lessened by the blunders of the oboe, particularly in the imitative part between the flute and that instrument. The last movement was, nevertheless, encored most loudly by the professional part of the audience! Haydn's recitative and air, "Now heaven in fullest," Signor Zuchelli used to sing with enviable *éclat*—not so this evening; and the difference in the applause must have made him sensible of the difference of his performance. Mr. Schlesinger played Hummel's pianoforte concerto in B minor; and if the impression which this performance produced was but feeble, we leave it undecided whether this was to be attributed to the composition or to the player: as soon as Mr. S. shall have cultivated his style as much as his execution, there will be no room for such doubts. Madame Camporese and Signor Curioni's duet, "Ricciardo! che veggo?" we might have passed over unmentioned. It is the *lower* notes of Madame Camporese, which, (as is usual with singers advancing in age,) tell that her voice is not what it was some years since. Beethoven's *sinfonia* in D, one of the most beautiful and perfectly intelligible of these compositions, did not go off so well as we have heard it on former occasions. One great reason was, that the allegros were taken a great deal too fast, just as in the *sinfonia* of Hadyn. Mr. Lindley's concertante, violin and violoncello, by him and Mr. Weichsel, could not possibly have given the least gratification even to his warmest admirers. Is there any necessity to state, that our remarks solely apply to the composition, and not in the least to his playing? Rossini's "Cruda sorte!" written for two sopranos and one tenor, was sung by Madame Camporese, Curioni, and Zuchelli; the latter having transposed his part an octave lower, as being more agreeable to the nature of his voice than to the composition. The concert concluded with Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio." The whole was under the direction of Mr. Loder, of Bath, and Dr. Crotch.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.—We omitted in our last *Gazette* to mention the last monthly meeting of this club, which, though deprived

of the aid of Braham, afforded a delightful treat to the lovers of English melody. Among the episodes of the evening was an exquisite performance on the violin by Master Artot. Several foreigners of musical fame were present, and expressed themselves much delighted with the entertainment. H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex is expected to preside at the next meeting.

ARGYLL ROOMS.

The announcement of Velluti, together with Sontag and her sister, attracted a highly fashionable assemblage at these rooms, on Monday morning last. Velluti was in excellent voice; his singing with the German siren was an exquisite treat; nor do we think *she* has ever been heard to such advantage. The younger Sontag sung "Sull' aria" with her sister, which was unanimously encored. Curioni, Pellegrini, and Begrez, performed some admirable concerted pieces; and Blasis' voice blended beautifully with Velluti's in Nicolini's duet, "Quale arcano." The young Artot delighted the auditors by his astonishing performance on the violin. Only thirteen years of age, this boy is already master of this difficult instrument.

Among the many benefit Concerts of this season, none was, perhaps, more fashionably and numerously attended than Mrs. Anderson's, on Wednesday morning. Well she deserved so full a room, considering her excellent bill of fare. She played herself, with her usual brilliancy and taste.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday evening Malibran performed the part of *Ninetta* in *La Gazza Ladra*; and, in some instances, gave us quite a new reading of it—but whether that reading was the correct one may, we think, be questioned. Her early scenes were too *hoydenish* to be in keeping with her subsequent sensitiveness, and presented too violent a contrast to be at all natural. Her predilection for perpetually "making points" is too apparent; and she is still too much disposed to "tear a passion to rags." In love-scenes she often outsteps the modesty of her sex, and seems to forget, that "woman should be wooed, and was not made to woo." With her, however, it is quite the reverse; and the manner in which she sometimes *paws* about the person of her lover is really indelicate:—so much so, that we can never say of her that "a soul *feminine* saluteth us." It is one of the attributes of female love to conceal the passion—not to make an openly indecorous display of it. But, with all its faults, this is the best character in which she has yet appeared. Let her rant less, and leave more to nature, and she may make the part entirely her own; though, on the whole, the performance of Blasis, particularly in the second act, was truer to nature. In Malibran you never could divest yourself of the impression that she was on the watch for a clap-trap:—her singing, however, was admirable, and in concerted pieces her voice was powerfully effective. Her "Di Piacer" was rather slow; and the second movement, strange to say of her, was somewhat tamely sung.

On Thursday Pisaroni took *Sémiramide* for her benefit, and had, as she richly deserved, an overflowing house. As *Arace*, Madame P. displayed greater powers than on any former occasion, and delighted her audience by the magnificence of her voice and the excellence of

her acting. She was ably supported by Sontag, Zuchelli, and Bordogni.

M. Laporte's benefit, announced for next Thursday, promises great novelty and attractions: we hear of French scenes and English farce, besides the best of Italian song. Should all this variety be realised, we shall certainly try to "be first in the throng."

DRURY LANE.

AT this theatre nothing goes down but *Masaniello*, *Masaniello*—and *Masaniello* every night to bumper houses. Braham is, as we before stated, the great support of this most successful opera, both by his singing and his acting. Play-goers have been surprised of late by the rather extraordinary improvement which seemed suddenly to have taken place in this always unrivalled vocalist, in the latter respect; and the secret of it is worth telling, being much to the credit and honour of all concerned. Our readers are aware, from several notices in the *Literary Gazette*, with what remarkable success Mr. Jones (of the same theatre) cultivates the study of declamation and public speaking. We are ourselves acquainted with instances in which gentlemen have been accomplished, under his tuition, for distinction in the senate, in the pulpit, and at the bar—in short, have seen bad readers and worse speakers speedily converted into impressive readers and orators. Also aware of these facts, it seems that Mr. Braham, with all his musical fame and long standing in popular opinion, has not been above becoming the pupil of his brother performer; and the result is what the public now witness with so much pleasure. We trust this anecdote will not be offensive to any of the parties; and we are sure it may serve as a useful and precious hint to many men of various professions, who will hereafter thank this journal for throwing it out.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS SMITHSON has at length re-appeared in this country,—an exceedingly injudicious step on her part, and, we fear, an unprofitable one on that of the management. That no curiosity had been awakened concerning her in the public mind, was but too apparent by the box-book and the state of the pit benches on the rising of the curtain. It was not as if some young person from the chorus or ballet of one of our theatres had been thrown by accident into better business upon the Anglo-Parisian boards, and had there proved her capability to sustain first-rate characters. Miss Smithson had held for years a situation of some importance at Drury Lane; had occasionally played some of Miss Kelly's most favourite and effective parts, such as *Mary* in the *Innkeeper's Daughter*, &c. during the illness or the absence of that lady; and her merits and defects had long been freely canvassed and duly appreciated by a London audience. That the mere crossing the Channel should have the power of conferring genius, or twelve months acting in a foreign land even that of strengthening and sweetening a weak and not an agreeable voice, was scarcely to be expected; and the truth is, that Miss Smithson has returned to England the same melodramatic actress she left it; her pantomime, perhaps, a little improved by studying Madame Montesu or Madame Dorval; but as far as ever from the throne of Siddons, or the coronet of O'Neil. The French public are, however, to be fully acquitted of any want of discrimination. As far as they had the power of judging, Miss Smithson was undoubtedly a good actress. An

English tragedy was a pantomime to the greater portion of a Parisian audience. The situations of *Juliet* and *Desdemona* were unknown in their drama. When the former stabbed herself and writhed in her dying agonies upon the stage—when the latter struggled under the fatal pillow, the spectators absolutely mingled their shrieks with those of the mimic victim, and rushed out of the boxes into the lobbies and saloons, completely overpowered by the novel and terrible excitement. The person of Miss Smithson was fascinating, her action undoubtedly graceful and expressive, the want of *physique* in their small theatres not so apparent,—and how could they detect false emphasis, mispronunciations, provincialisms, &c. &c.? how decide even upon the correct conception of a character, the finer shades of which must of course escape them in the bald translations or brief programmes, circulated by the lenders of *lognettes*, or the fruit-women of the Favart and the Odéon? Much has been said respecting the choice of *Jane Shore* for an opening part. We suspect, however, that, disagreeable, unattractive, and feeble, as the tragedy may be, Miss Smithson was right in her selection, as her appearance in *Juliet* or *Belvidera* will prove. We have no doubt, in short, that confined to melo-drama, Miss Smithson might become an exceedingly useful member of any dramatic corps; but as a first-rate tragic actress, even in these degenerate days, she can never, in our humble opinion, hold her ground in England. Mr. Charles Kemble's *Hastings* was a most spirited performance; and Miss Lacy won frequent and deserved applause in her personation of *Alicia*. The less we say of the rest of the *dramatis personæ* the better.

A very clever little girl (Miss Coveney) played *Euphrosyne* here on Tuesday evening, in Milton's revived *Mask of Comus*. She was one of the juvenile operatic company at the Surrey last season, and is likely, with good instruction, to make a rapid progress in the profession she has chosen. The masque was exceedingly well got up and performed throughout.

While on the chit-chat of the stage, we may mention, that at the Literary Fund anniversary, when between forty and fifty of the company rallied for an hour round a second chair; on the health of Mr. Price, and success to Drury Lane Theatre, being toasted, that gentleman, in a neat speech, stated, among other topics, he had reason to hope for some advance in the dramatic literature of the day, as in consequence of the success of Miss Mitford's *Rienzi*, two tragedies of very high character had been put into his hands by eminent writers. He expressed his expectation of the example being followed by others, whose efforts would redeem the Dramatic Muse from the stigma under which she had too long lain.

We see that Sontag, and her sister, the pretty little Nina, are to sing at Covent Garden on Wednesday (Mr. C. Kemble's night); thus affording the *more English* public an opportunity of being charmed with their fine talents.

Kean, it is now stated, has been able to return to the stage. It is strange that the cases of actors (with too few exceptions) are so apt to be exaggerated as to deprive them, when really suffering, of public sympathy. We would recommend the fable of the boy and the wolf to their earnest consideration: we are again told, in later papers, that Mr. K. has relapsed.

VARIETIES.

Whale.—A large whale, of a novel description, was lately thrown on the shore of the commune of St. Cyprien, in France. The state of decomposition in which it was found, rendered the examination of it not quite so satisfactory as could have been wished; but it is believed to belong to the species "Boops," of Linnæus.

Architecture.—Mr. Nash and Buckingham Palace have undergone a merited *jobation* in the House of Commons this week; and we trust the time has arrived when public discussion will prevent the further perpetration of deformities, under the specious name of improvements, upon the British metropolis. So detestable, indeed, to the eye of taste are most of the things already done, that we really consider the lavish waste of money to be by far the least evil.

Entomology.—A very curious and extensive collection of insects, consisting of about 30,000 individuals, with their duplicates, all scientifically arranged, and in perfect preservation, is, we are told, expected to arrive in a short time from Sweden. They are the property, brought together with great care and expense, of a celebrated Swedish naturalist, and will prove worthy of the attention of collectors and students in this branch of zoology.

Zoological Society.—We lately noticed the occupation of a piece of land near Kingston by the Zoological Society, for the more convenient rearing of foreign animals, &c. There is some talk of having a fête here during the summer, similar to the Horticultural entertainments of that fresco kind.

Earthquake.—On the night of March 18th, soon after midnight, the shocks of an earthquake were experienced in various parts of Sweden. Their direction was N.W. and S.E., and they were accompanied by a noise in the air, like the hurdling of a hail-storm.

York Cathedral.—The late Mr. Carter made a series of large and elaborate drawings of this celebrated church, for Sir Mark Sykes. They were some years in progress, and during their execution the worthy baronet died. He had, however, advanced (as reported) £500 to the artist; and as there was a demand for £400 or £500 more, the executors declined to complete the purchase. The volume came to the hammer, with the artist's immense collection of drawings, MSS., antiquarian fragments, &c. and was knocked down for £337. It has since been purchased by John Broadley, Esq., of South Ella, Yorkshire, who has thus enhanced his very valuable and very choice library with one of the finest collections of architectural drawings ever executed. There are 24 drawings of plans, elevations, sections, and minute details, of every part of this much-famed minster; and Mr. Broadley has very generously sent this volume to London, subject to the custody of his old friend Mr. Britton, that Mr. Smirke may profit by the authentic evidence it affords in rebuilding and fitting up the choir.

Grease Spots.—The following method of removing grease and oil spots from silk and other articles, without injury to the colours, is given in the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*: Take the yolk of an egg and put a little of it on the spot, then place over it a piece of white linen, and wet it with boiling water: rub the linen with the hand, and repeat the process three or four times, at each time applying fresh boiling water: the linen is to be then removed, and the part thus treated is to be washed with clean cold water.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Picture Sale.—So decided is the feeling in this country for the lower styles of art, as we hold the Dutch and Flemish schools to be, that it becomes almost superfluous to mention that Mr. Christie is this week selling a very valuable collection of *Italian pictures*, many of them from the Orleans Gallery, the properties of Mr. Udny and the late Lord Ranelagh, with a mixed assemblage belonging to Mr. Birch. However, a grand Landscape by Cypriotti, 24 in Lord Ranelagh's collection, and a charming composition by the two Bosis, will fully compensate the exclusive collectors of Dutch and Flemish names for any *ennui* they may endure on beholding the preponderating influence of the neglected Italians.

Mr. Northhouse announces *The Present State of the principal Debtors' Prisons of the Metropolis*: comprising the King's Bench, the Fleet, Whitecross Street Prison, Horsemen Lane Prison, the Marshalsea, and the Borough Compter: with a variety of anecdotes illustrative of the impolicy and inhumanity of imprisonment for debt, &c.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, &c., are announced, by R. R. Madden. The work is stated to be a physician, and to have been sojourning for four years in these countries.

A volume of *Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels*, with illustrations; containing Abridged Narratives of recent travels of some of the most Popular Writers on South America, is announced for speedy publication.

There is preparing for publication, under the superintendence of Mr. George Don, A.L.S., a new edition of *Miller's Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary*; the plants, &c. arranged according to the natural system of Jussieu, and comprising all the modern improvements and discoveries which have been made in the sciences of botany, horticulture, and agriculture, to the present time.

In the Press.—A Series of Dissertations, preliminary to a New Harmony of the Gospels, by the Rev. E. Greswell, M.A., and Fellow of C. C. Oxford.

Captain Brooke, who is already known as a traveller by the works he has published on the northern parts of Europe, is about to present to the world an Account of an interesting Tour he has recently been making in Barbary and Spain.

The forthcoming Historical Romance, entitled *Geraldine of Desmond*, is founded on the Desmond Rebellion in the Reign of Elizabeth, and delineates the customs, manners, and the leading public characters of England at that interesting epoch.

A work under the title of *Three Years in Canada* is announced for publication, written by Mr. Macgargart, the engineer who was sent out by government to superintend the works at the Rideau Canal.

Mr. Wm. George Meredith, A.M. of Brasenose College, Oxford, is about to publish *Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway*, illustrative of his character, of his relations with the Emperor Napoleon, and of the present state of his Kingdoms; with a Discourse on the Political Character of Sweden.

A new edition of the pleasant *Voyage of Captain Popponilla* is in the press, with illustrations by Daniel Macleese.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mavor's *Miscellanies*, 8vo. 15s. bds.—*Stephens on Irrigation*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Fearn on the Mind*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Margaret Coryton*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—*Hinton's Natural History and Zoology*, 4to. 5s. hf. bd.—*Wilson's Manual for Infant Schools*, 12mo. 7s. bds.—*Crawford's Embassy to Ava*, 4to. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Romance of Real Life*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Life of Belisarius*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Cunningham's Examination of Faber on Prophecy*, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*Fraser's Sermons*, 8vo. 8s. bds.—*Malcolm's Tales of Field and Flood*, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Armand's Epitome of the Game of Whist*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—*Hervey's Poetical Sketch-Book*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*The Bungalow*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Grindley's Views in India*, Part V. 4to. 2l. 2s.—*Martin on Lord Tenterden's Act*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Essay on the Pursuit of Truth*, post 8vo. 8s. bds.—*Pescarini, or the Patrician of Venice*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. bds.—*East India Directory*, 1829, 10s.—*Judson's Memoirs*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—*The Universe as it is*, plates, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Nathan's Fugitive Pieces of Lord Byron*, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—*Edwards's Narrative and Thought*, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*The School of Fashion*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.—*Smyth's Life of Captain Beaver*, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As the pressure of novelties upon us this week is so great, that we are compelled to postpone many interesting articles, to make room for which, at this busy season, we shall probably give an extra sheet, *gratuitously*, next No. We therefore request our advertising friends to send early, in order to prevent disappointments. The advertisements already over are of course entitled to precedence.

We are obliged to defer our second course of *Apician Morsels* and other cookery.

In answer to the inquiry respecting Captain Ross's projected expedition, we have to state that we visited, and, as well as circumstances allowed, inspected his steamer, the *Victory*, last week. An experiment on her capabilities had been tried on the Saturday preceding, which, we are informed, fully answered the gallant and ingenious commander's expectations, but alterations were suggested, which were in progress when we saw the vessel. It was then supposed that the expedition would be all ready to start in good time.

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